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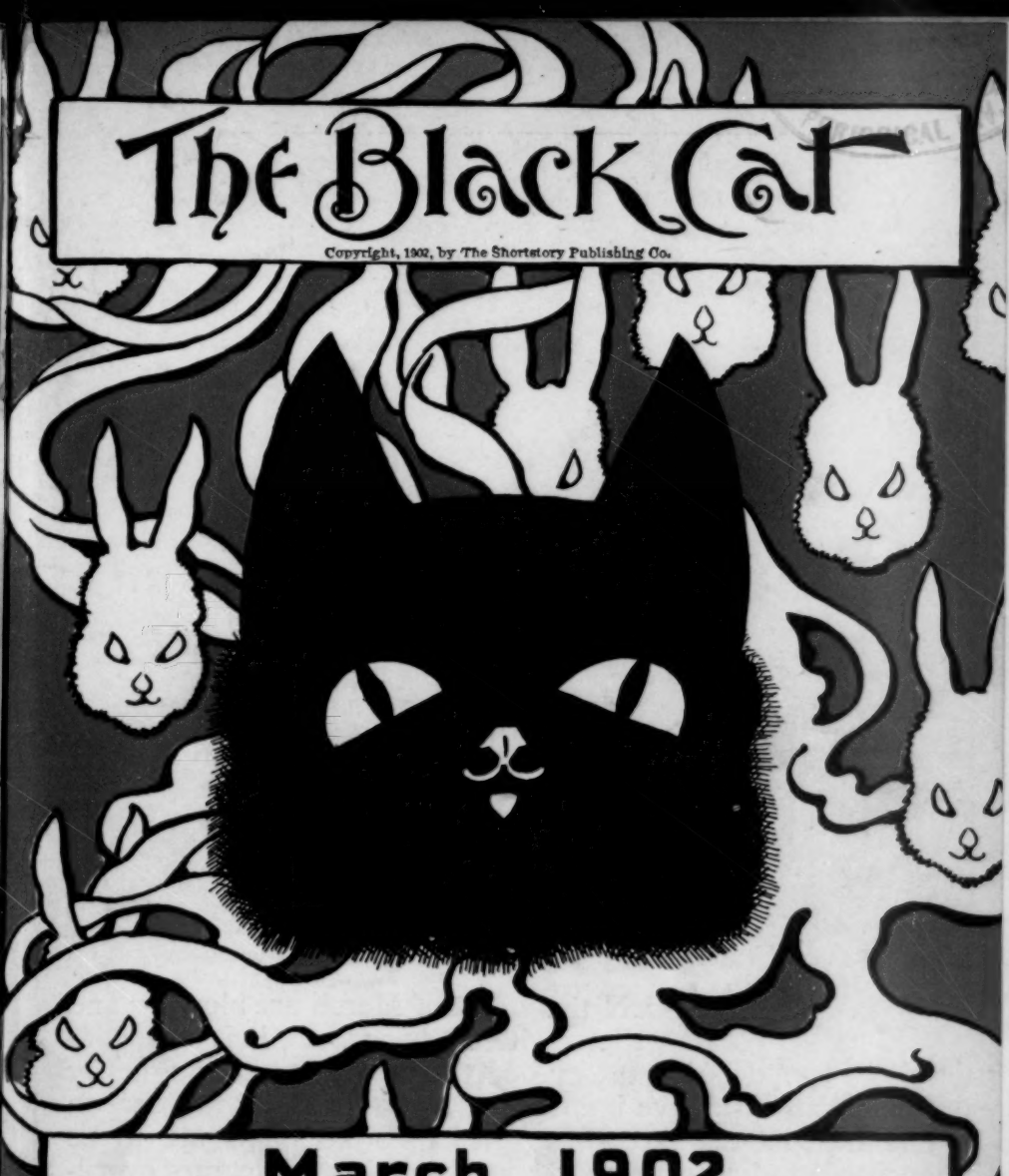

March 1902

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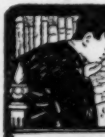

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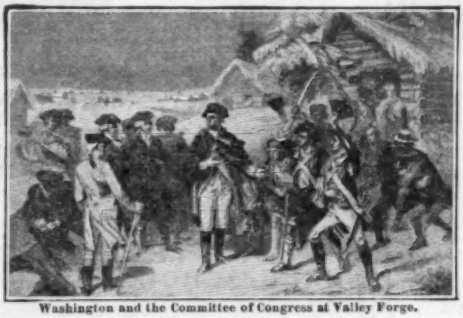

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His Auspicious Assignment.*

BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

THOMAS RATCLIFF heaved a sigh of relief as the bow of the fussy little lake steamer swung in toward the short wooden pier that had just crept into view from behind a point of land. The mid-August afternoon had been deliciously cool and clear, but even the beauties of Lake Constance on such a day cannot compensate for twenty-four hours of almost continuous travel in the cramped and not too pleasingly perfumed interior of Continental corridor cars. Five years of service as a *Planet* correspondent had taught Ratcliff many things, and among them philosophy, but the latter did not extend to cheerful submission to cabled instructions which sent him flying from Paris at an hour's notice and left a prospective hostess in the Rue du Général Foy to solve as best she might the problem of providing a fourteenth guest for the dinner table. And the exasperation of his sudden departure was magnified by a wearisome, dusty journey up the Rhine to Constance, where he had transferred his satchel and himself to the little steamer which took him up the lake to his destination. It was a highly disgruntled young man who now stood on the forward deck and watched the town of Wilhelmshafen growing larger as it drew nearer.

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What to Ratcliff's way of thinking was the most dispiriting feature of the whole matter lay in his conviction that the mission upon which he had been thus peremptorily dispatched was, in the first instance, in the nature of a wild-goose chase, and, secondly, not worth doing in any event. A German count with an unpardonable name, who had invented, and was upon the point of putting to proof, a monster war balloon, which, after the manner of such contrivances, would no doubt collapse and fall into the lake some fifteen seconds after its ascent — surely this was a puerile enough affair to be deemed worthy of the attention of the great American public, the "G. P.," as it was commonly denominated in the big office on Park Row, whence the orders had come. But, futile or not, orders were orders, and there is no better trained soldier than this same type of foreign correspondent who lives on the end of a cable and does "Right about face" or "Forward march," as the case may be, whenever an omnipotent editor sees fit to tap the key at the other end.

In a spirit of somewhat rebellious surrender to the mandate of the inevitable, Ratcliff took from his valise a well-worn Baedeker and fell to studying it. For there are three grades of European traveller: one that cannot move hand or foot without previously consulting that stupefying compendium of information, another that is not aware that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing and so scorns its guidance utterly, and a third that has discovered that, like all other modern conveniences, the guide-book is alternately intolerable and indispensable, and so finds it in the way once in a while and worth while once in a way. Ratcliff was of the third class. Experience had taught him not only independence of his second-hand "Southern Germany," but also indifference to ridicule if he saw fit to fall back upon its aid. From it, therefore, he extracted the information that Wilhelmshafen was a town of some three thousand inhabitants, celebrated only as the site of baths and as boasting a summer residence of the King of Würtemberg. Furthermore, he learned that the best hostelry was the Hôtel d'Angleterre. Then he shut the guide-book abruptly and replaced it in his valise.

"Another town where nothing has happened since the year One," he said to himself, and so prepared to go ashore.

The Hôtel d'Angleterre, so called because the proprietor spoke English which sounded like German-French, and French which bore a striking resemblance to German-English, stood with stolid gravity on a corner of the main street staring solemnly out over a small garden and the wide slate-gray lake to the dim peaks of the Swiss Alps, touched now with a faint pink reflection of the setting sun. There was a large squat pot of flowers on each side of the narrow entrance, and on the steps a fat flaxen-haired infant was making futile clutches at a magnificent greyhound which at each effort of its tormentor moved away a pace or two with an air of supreme fatigue. Ratcliff delivered his valise to a greasy but amiable waiter, and with characteristic promptitude came to close quarters with the landlord, who emerged from the dim recess of his dingy office. The little information he desired was soon learned. Yes, a room? Naturally. A large one looking on the lake. And the Herr was hungry? Naturally. So dinner would be ready in half an hour. So. *Bitte?* But naturally. The telegraph-office was there, to the right. *So!*

Ratcliff had only to advise the *Planet* of his address, and was already in view of the hotel again when two carriages swung sharply around a distant corner and whirled down upon him at a rapid pace. He had only time to appreciate the essential details: a pair of outriders in gaudy liveries, superb chestnut carriage horses driven by a postilion, and, on the rear seat a shrewd-eyed, gray-bearded old man, with a gray cloak flung about his shoulders; a second carriage containing four officers with guns in their hands. Then the cavalcade swept past and he was left transfixed with astonishment and half-blinded by a swirl of dust.

"Quite the gay old duck!" said Ratcliff irreverently, rubbing his eyes. "Postilions — outriders — a whole chapter out of 'The Prisoner of Zenda!'"

Resuming his way, he was suddenly aware that a third carriage, which had been following in the wake of the other two, had drawn up before the Hôtel d'Angleterre, and was apparently discharging its occupants into the very arms of the officious proprietor and the greasy waiter. Quickening his steps, he had a glimpse of an elderly gentleman in uniform and a girl in a trim walking costume vanishing into the doorway, and, a moment later, as he came up

to the hotel he found the entrance blocked up with rugs, gun-cases and a huge luncheon basket, which a chambermaid and a smug-faced personage in black, who bore the word "valet" written large on every detail of his dress and bearing, presently fell upon and bore triumphantly up the narrow stairs.

On this occasion any inquiries on Ratcliff's part would have been wholly superfluous. The landlord met him at the door, fairly bursting with importance.

"You saw heem — yes? — no?" he began. "Dot vas ze Keeng!"

"Ah?" said Ratcliff.

"So! And he who goes een vas Graf von Schwalbenstein. And viz heem hees taughter."

"Ah?" said Ratcliff again.

Philosophy was not the only thing which experience had taught him. There was also prudence. For the moment there appeared to be no necessity of acquainting his voluble host with the interesting circumstance that Count von Schwalbenstein was precisely the person he had travelled some four hundred miles to see. For of journalism, as of valor, discretion is by far the better part.

Therefore Ratcliff gave his domicile as Paris and concealed his profession under that most convenient and non-commital of French words, *rentier*. He dined in solitary state, for beside himself, the Count and his daughter were the only guests of the Hôtel d'Angleterre, and the King's carriage which had brought them back from the hunt waited at the door and presently whirled them off again to dine with His Majesty of Würtemberg.

Ratcliff spent the evening walking by the lake, pipe in mouth, planning out his task. That it was no sinecure he was sufficiently familiar with European army methods to appreciate. Your Continental military man is apt to look with small favor upon a journalist, even though he be of his own nationality. When, in addition, it is the latter's mission to pry into the whys and wherefores of fortifications, numerical force, or, as in the present instance, war balloons, and, moreover, he is a foreigner and comes armed with a note-book and a correspondent's camera, his reception is liable to be distinguished by a superlative lack of cordiality. The assignment was far from being to Ratcliff's liking. Born of a conservative race and reared upon the doctrine that inquisitiveness is

the unpardonable social sin, there were moments when the persistent prying which was of necessity so large a part of his profession filled him with unspeakable disgust. He had what is for a reporter the uncomfortable faculty of putting himself in his victim's place, and could not be blind to the probable existence in the latter's mind of a well-nigh irresistible impulse to throw the intruder down the most convenient flight of stairs. It was absurd, he told himself, to be ashamed of the object which had lodged him beneath the same roof with the unsuspecting Von Schwalbenstein, but ashamed he was, none the less. But there was no use in worrying over it. The thing simply had to be done.

Ratcliff took the cablegram of the *New York Planet* from his pocket and re-read it in the deepening gray of the long south German twilight. It was short and to the point.

Go Wilhelmshafen. Cover Schwalbenstein balloon. Full details. Photographs. Rush.

It was signed "Finn," and as Ratcliff read the name he seemed to see that dry, despotic little person, with his shabby clothes and his brown face, wrinkled like an English walnut, sitting at his desk in the *Planet* office, wreathed with cigarette smoke, and dispatching the men under his control on all sorts of unpleasant errands, in all kinds of unpleasant places, with as much emotion as might be displayed by a well-regulated machine-gun.

"Unclean little animal!" said the correspondent, affectionately. "Lord! I wish he could be saddled with some of the jobs he hands out so complacently to other fellows."

And with this amiable reflection he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and went off to bed.

Ratcliff was up betimes in the morning and after he had breakfasted and put a few judicious questions to the landlord he secured a promising looking bicycle from a little shop near at hand, and, strapping his camera to the handle-bar, set off along the lake in search of the floating shed in which he knew Count von Schwalbenstein's balloon to be receiving its final touches. At first he missed his way and went far beyond the desired point,

out along a flat and winding road which led him to the very frontier of the kingdom, where stood an imposing iron post whereon the arms of Würtemberg and Baden were blazoned back to back, marking the boundary line, and a single dragoon sat motionless upon his horse, staring off across the level fields like a sketch by Edouard Detaille. But on the way back he found the object of his search, a narrow gateway, surmounted by a large and terrifying sign, whereon in thick black letters was the comforting information that trespassers would be punished by a fine, imprisonment, and subsequent banishment from the kingdom of Würtemberg. But Ratcliff was not an American journalist for nothing. He read this imposing proclamation through attentively, and then, with a slight shrug of his broad shoulders, slipped his bicycle through the narrow opening, and, trundling it beside him, swung rapidly down the path which led from the gateway to the shore of the lake. The results of this move were not, however, proportionate in magnitude to its audacity. At the water's edge stood a huge temporary workshop of unpainted wood with padlocked doors and closely shuttered windows, and a thousand yards or so from shore was anchored the long floating shed which Ratcliff knew must contain the all-important balloon. From this a faint sound of hammering came across the water, but there was no boat or other means of approach visible, so he was forced to content himself with a couple of snap-shots of his surroundings, and then remounted the slope and rode slowly back to the hotel. Evidently nothing was to be gained by stealth. His sole possible source of information was the Count himself.

Forced to accept the alternative, Ratcliff lost no time in making the first move, and after luncheon, having scribbled upon his card a request for an interview, he enclosed it in an envelope, and, after carefully sealing the latter for fear of prying eyes, summoned the landlord and ordered his note to be taken at once to the Count.

"But—" said the landlord.

"Do as I tell you," said Ratcliff calmly.

It was not until evening that he received a reply, which came in the form of a verbal communication on the part of the smug-faced valet, and was to the effect that the Graf von Schwalbenstein would receive the Herr Ratcliff in his rooms at once.

The Count's apartments were the most sumptuous the Hôtel d'Angleterre could boast — not too emphatic commendation, if the truth must be told — and, when Ratcliff entered, the Count himself was seated near the window, by a large table covered with books and papers. He was a short, thick-set man with a pointed gray beard, round, startled eyes, and fat, nervous hands that fidgeted continually with whatever trifles happened to be in their reach. Opposite to him at the table sat his daughter, bent low over some writing. She was dressed now in a white gown of severe simplicity belted in at the waist with black velvet ribbon, and, almost before he had seen her father, Ratcliff had observed that her hands were very white and slender, that her hair was of a ruddy bronze and that she had its usual accompaniment of a clear complexion dappled with delicate pink. He was not ordinarily an impressionable man, Ratcliff, and a life of constant dealing with the actualities of journalism had left him little time for flights of romantic fancy. But it is the staunchest tree on which the lightning leaves its most indelible mark, and Ratcliff had not been in the Count's drawing-room five seconds before he was heels over head in love. So much for philosophy.

It was the Count who broke the silence. He spoke in German, fingering Ratcliff's card nervously the while, and shook his head in a hopeless fashion when the correspondent floundered desperately through a few phrases of the vernacular in reply.

"Ich spreche nicht sehr gut Deutsch, mein Herr Graf. Verstehen Sie nicht Französisch oder Englisch?"

"Nein, mein Herr," said the Count, and then added, with a suggestion of hesitation, "aber meine Tochter — "

Then the Fräulein von Schwalbenstein looked up, and if any links were lacking in the so unexpected chain which sarcastic fate had woven about the heart of Amos Ratcliff, these were then and there supplied by his discovery that her eyes were deep violet and her voice of an extraordinary low purity and sweetness.

"You are English?" she said, with a barely perceptible accent. "No? American? Well, it is all the same; I can translate for you. You wish to see my father?"

With a sudden and curiously unfamiliar consciousness of pleasure in this unexpected turn to the situation Ratcliff made his mis-

sion plain. The news of Count von Schwalbenstein's mammoth airship had spread, he told her, even to his far country and by the people of New York the invention was thought to be of so much interest that the editor of the great newspaper he served had sent him from Paris to Wilhelmshafen for the sole purpose of learning about it all that it was possible to learn.

As he was talking, there came into his mind a whimsical fancy that in quality his speech was much akin to that of a missionary speaking to savages of things they had never seen, and he felt that it would have been quite in accord with the tone of what he was saying to refer to Finn as the "Great White Father" or something equally symbolical. But the whole experience: Wilhelmshafen itself, the King, wrapped in his gray cloak, the postilions and outriders, the solitary vedette on the frontier — finally, this stuffy little German room, this thick-set, nervous old gentleman with his restless hands and his handsome uniform of dark green, and this slender, ruddy-haired girl to whom he was speaking — all seemed part of a world wholly apart from and stranger to the humdrum, busy life of New York, and the latter appeared to be in need of interpretation of the most careful and yet simplest kind, if it was to be understood at all by those in whose presence he found himself. His own reflection of the foregoing day — "a whole chapter out of 'The Prisoner of Zenda'" — had recurred to him more than once, and each time seemed more apt. In truth, Von Schwalbenstein might well have passed for Colonel Sapt, and as for his daughter — she was Flavia to the very life, with her bronze hair and her stately carriage, and her deep, serious eyes!

To her rapidly spoken translation of Ratcliff's words the Count was now replying, and it required no consummate command of German for the American to appreciate that his mission was taken in anything but a gracious or compliant spirit. Von Schwalbenstein's remarks were plentifully besprinkled with such inauspicious phrases as "Ich kann es nicht länger ertragen," and "ein für allemal," and "erzähle ihm das von mir!" and at the end he plunged into his papers again with the air of one whom nothing could induce to turn from them a second time.

The faintest possible hint of amusement lay in Fräulein von Schwalbenstein's eyes as she translated her father's words in turn.

"I'm afraid it's quite useless," she said, not without a suggestion of regret. "My father has been much beset by journalists, and so he is a little impatient of them. Besides, the secret is not wholly his; the King does not wish the balloon shown until it makes its first ascent. I am sorry."

It was not Ratcliff's way to be discouraged by a first denial. He had come with flying colors out of too many apparently hopeless situations for that. But in this cool, unimpassioned summary of the Count's refusal he seemed to have run up against an absolutely impenetrable wall. The very simplicity of its logic made it completely unanswerable.

"I, too, am very sorry," he answered. "I have come a long way to get this information, and, after all, I cannot but think that your father's wisest course would be to let me have as much of it as possible from his own lips. If he were to let me see the airship, take such photographs as I have need of, and would himself explain to me his methods and his plans, he could at least be sure that the facts would be put clearly and accurately before the readers of my paper. It was with that idea in mind that I came to him directly in the matter. His decision leaves but one course open to me. You will understand that, in a way, I am a soldier, too, and as much bound to obey the orders of my editor as is your father to comply with the wishes of the King. I shall cable the Count's decision to New York to-night, but I am quite sure as to what the reply will be — " and he paused.

"What will it be?" asked the girl.

"To secure the story, whether or no, and, since I am not able to get the necessary photographs with your father's consent and the necessary facts on his authority, to use my camera as I see fit and come as near to the facts as possible."

Unconsciously, he had allowed to creep into his voice a little defiant note of bravado — the bravado of a man who has surmounted the seemingly insurmountable more than once and is confident of his ability to do so again.

"It's — er — not a very *pleasant* profession, yours, is it?" said the Fräulein, with a slightly contemptuous tilt of her chin.

"Perhaps not," said Ratcliff. "One can but do what one can."

"And you will do this?" she asked.

"Assuredly, if I am so instructed," answered he, with a smile.

For an instant a spark that was widely alien to that former gleam of amusement blazed in Fräulein von Schwalbenstein's hitherto friendly eyes.

"Keep your wits about you," she said. "There is a King in Wilhelmshafen and an Emperor at Potsdam."

Ratcliff met her challenging glance squarely and laughed with unaffected enjoyment of the situation.

"My wits are uncommonly constant in their attendance upon me," he said. "Moreover, there is an American consul at Stuttgart, and an American ambassador at Berlin. Both places are remarkably convenient to those you have mentioned."

Ratcliff's prophecy of what Finn's reply to Von Schwalbenstein's refusal would be proved entirely correct. The cablegram was delivered to him the following morning at breakfast, and was as concise and conclusive as its predecessor.

> Get story and photographs anyhow.
> Important.

Evidently there was nothing to be done except to rely upon his ingenuity, and with a wry face Ratcliff set to work. But the task was even more difficult than it had appeared at the outset. During the next few days he made frequent visits to the workshop on the shore of the lake, only to find it surrounded by mechanics who one and all refused him information and were unpleasantly frank on the subject of trespassing. His limited command of German was an added disadvantage, and after a week had elapsed, Ratcliff was more than disposed to throw over his assignment in disgust, and cable Finn that its execution was an impossibility. One circumstance alone kept him in Wilhelmshafen, and that circumstance was nothing more nor less than the presence in the Hôtel d'Angleterre of Elspeth von Schwalbenstein. Ratcliff was in the way of despising himself for the fatuous persistence with which his mind had come to dwell on the Count's daughter, and mentally employed his most elaborate logic to combat what he was determined to regard as the illusion, but knew in his deepest

conviction to be the fact, that he was in love. The acquaintance begun in the Count's rooms on the evening following that of his arrival had prospered with unexpected ease. Apparently convinced that his refusal to impart any information about his airship was conclusive, and deeply occupied in the preparations for its trial ascent, Von Schwalbenstein spent most of his time in the workshop or the floating shed, or in hunting with the King, and with singularly uncontinental indifference left his daughter to employ her days as she saw fit. That, under the circumstances, she saw fit to pass a large portion of them in the society of the American was, perhaps, not remarkable. Like most men of his profession, Ratcliff had much of interest to say and an interesting fashion of saying it, and it was certain that never had he made better use of the faculty than when he found himself with Fräulein von Schwalbenstein. They drove and walked together daily, and took long bicycle rides into Baden, and Bavaria, and Hohenzollern, and rowed for hours along the northern shores of Constance. It was Ratcliff's first romance and came with all the accumulated force that, in the case of the average man, is frittered away in a long succession of futile flirtations. The outcome was something upon which he did not care to dwell. It could but mean one thing, he told himself — his inevitable departure at the end of a few days. He had long been planning to avail himself of the *Planet's* offer of a three months' vacation. Adams was in Paris, and could take over his work meanwhile. He would do the North Cape, and forget Wilhelmshafen. After a while.

The afternoon of the eighth day found Ratcliff seated by the lake at a little distance from the Count's workshop, and ruefully contemplating the floating balloon shed, lying at its anchorage like a mammoth Noah's ark. He had been pondering despondently upon the slenderness of his chances of securing the story for which the *Planet* was so eager when he was aroused from his revery by the sound of voices, and peering from his hiding-place, saw Von Schwalbenstein and Elspeth in earnest consultation at the water's edge. The Count was in a state of extreme excitement, waving his fat hands in the air, and from scattered phrases Ratcliff was made aware that the cause of his consternation lay in the fact that the King was to make an inspection of the airship and that the

imbeciles of workmen had taken the large boat out to the floating shed and left only a little skiff, barely large enough for two.

"And I cannot row!" said the Count. "Und dieses boot! Ach, donnerwetter!"

Conscious of the reception which he would naturally meet if his presence in the locality were revealed to the irascible little officer, Ratcliff checked his first impulse to proffer his assistance, and presently saw Elspeth embark alone in the little skiff, with the evident intention of summoning the workmen to bring in the larger boat. A curious premonition of danger flashed through his mind, and he was about to rise when he saw that a man had made his appearance upon the platform of the balloon shed and was untying the large boat and preparing to come ashore. Von Schwalbenstein became aware of this at the same moment, for he called to his daughter, who was now some hundred yards from land, and pointed eagerly to the shed. The next instant Ratcliff had kicked off his shoes, stripped himself of coat and waistcoat and was plunging through the shallow inshore water. For, in following the direction of the Count's gesture, Elspeth had moved quickly in her seat, and the clumsy little skiff, suddenly overweighted on one side, had promptly turned upside down, and deposited its precious cargo in the waters of Lake Constance.

The rescue, as Ratcliff realized later, was an absurdly simple affair. The girl had grasped the boat in capsizing, and was supporting herself by it as he came thrashing up to her side with the powerful overhand stroke for which he had been famous at Harvard. A glance over his shoulder had shown him Von Schwalbenstein floundering frantically out from shore, and barely five hundred yards distant the larger boat was hitching itself clumsily toward them, the oarsman in blissful ignorance of the drama which was passing behind his stolid back.

Ratcliff, passing one arm around Elspeth as he reached her, was surprised to find her smiling.

"It's all right," she said. "I was clumsy. But I can hold myself up by the boat till Schneider reaches us. Take your arm away, please."

"My darling!" said Ratcliff, abruptly, and quite as much to his own surprise as hers.

"*What?*" said Elspeth.

They were floating side by side now, clinging to the overturned skiff. The water was running down the girl's face from her dripping hair, but she stood this supreme test of beauty as no other woman in the world could have done, thought Ratcliff, and was adorable for all her drenching.

"I mean it!" he went on, desperately. "I love you — and I thought you were drowning. Didn't you know I loved you? Oh, *do* say something!" he added, as the imperturbable Schneider drew nearer. "We — we may drown before he gets here!"

"I don't *think* we'll drown," answered the girl. "But still — yes, I knew it!" And she smiled divinely.

It was a very swift — and a very moist — kiss, but the waters of Lake Constance are not so bad a situation for kissing after all, under certain circumstances.

That is how it came to pass that when Finn reached his desk in the *Planet* office shortly after luncheon that day he found thereon a cablegram from a certain foreign correspondent, as follows:

> Want two months' vacation. Am sending full Schwalbenstein story with photographs.
> Ratcliff.

The correspondent breakfasted with the Count and his daughter the following morning, and read his editor's reply with a smile.

> Vacation granted. Adams relieves you. Send full particulars how Schwalbenstein story secured.
> Finn.

"Do you always obey orders — soldier?" asked Elspeth when he handed her the message.

"Always! Only — I've changed captains!"

A Marriage of Convenience.*

BY F. E. CHASE.

THE dull evening of a particularly dull day was slowly drawing to a close, and the clerk of the Railroad Hotel, across the way from the station, was looking hopefully forward to the time when the departure of the last train east from New Babylon should bring its business day to a full stop and enable him to go off duty. For New Babylon hung, after the manner of an incandescent electric lamp, upon the pulsing line of travel between two great cities of the East, and so long as the current of traffic flowed through it, it glowed with responsive brightness; but when that current ceased, as it did for a few hours in the early morning, it promptly went out. This civic extinction was due to occur at 1.15 A. M., according to the railway time-table, and it was now 11.45 P. M.

The express going west had just thundered into the long station and come to a breathless and panting pause, not so much out of compliment to the importance of New Babylon as for private reasons of its own, relating chiefly to fuel and water. The clerk walked expectantly toward the door, and as he did so there emerged from the station entrance a man, who walked feebly and with difficulty. His companion, heavily veiled and wearing a neat dark jacket and skirt, carried a rather large valise and bundle of rugs in one hand and supported him with the other. They came slowly across to the hotel and entered the office, where the clerk assisted the sick man to a chair. His closely-shaven face was pale and drawn with pain, and he carried a handbag, which he still retained, though the clerk more than once offered to relieve him.

"I would like," said he, "a very quiet room, as far away from

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* The writer of this story received a cash prize of $100 in THE BLACK CAT story contest ending March 31, 1900.

the station as possible, for myself and — wife. I was taken ill on the train and dared not continue my journey."

"Dr. Johnson," began the clerk solicitously, at the first pause, "is our leading — "

"Thank you," interrupted the man. "I do not require medical advice. I am only too familiar with these seizures, and carry my remedies with me. But I must have absolute quiet and rest as soon as possible."

The clerk had already taken a key from the rack.

"No. 8," he said to the sleepy boy, whose dreams this episode had interrupted. "Take the gentleman's valise."

The lad had already possessed himself of the other hand luggage, but the man, weak as he seemed, firmly declined this assistance, as well as the clerk's aid, and again taking his companion's arm, went upstairs slowly and disappeared. The clerk followed them curiously with his eyes until they were out of sight, and then tardily remembered that in his haste the new guest had neglected to register.

In a very few minutes the lad returned with an alacrity that betokened a liberal tip, and asked for a pitcher of hot water, to be sent up at once. This was provided, and the clerk took it up himself, with the double purpose of satisfying his curiosity so far as possible, and of securing his guest's name. He accomplished neither object, however, for his coming was apparently anxiously awaited, the door was opened but very slightly, and the water taken in with extreme haste. The proffer of assistance which he began to frame was briefly rejected and the door closed in his face.

He returned to the office, and there relieved his feelings in a few remarks to the solitary bell-boy. As he concluded, the office clock struck twelve.

For a half hour thereafter, nothing was heard from the occupants of No. 8, but at half-past twelve the bell of the annunciator rang out a call from that room. A railway time-table was asked for and was duly sent. Then followed another half hour without event.

It was the custom of the Railroad Hotel to close its doors for the night on the departure of the 1.15 train east, which represented

the last diurnal chance of New Babylon, and it was the habit of the clerk to anticipate this event by beginning about one o'clock to extinguish all unnecessary lights and to put the office generally to rights. He had half accomplished this task when he heard footsteps descending the stairs. It was the veiled occupant of No. 8, carrying one of the two handbags. The clerk looked up expectantly.

"Anything wrong, ma'am?" he inquired.

"No," was the answer, in a strange contralto voice. "Mr. — my husband — is quite comfortable, but it is important that no one disturb him. I am obliged to go back to town, in consequence of this delay to our plans, but will rejoin him in the morning. He is not to be called until I come."

"Yes, ma'am," the clerk assented.

"I will pay for our room."

The clerk took the bill tendered and promptly turned the book on the desk outward.

"Your husband forgot to register," he said. "Will you please register for him?"

The veiled guest hesitated for an instant, but, as the clerk turned to change the bill, walked rapidly up to the desk and in a practised script wrote, with the left hand:

"John Mildmay and wife, Lewiston, Me."

"Your change, ma'am," said the clerk.

"In the morning," was the reply. "There may be something more wanted."

"You will come down by the early train?" he questioned.

"No; probably not before —"

"The ten o'clock?" he suggested.

"Yes; the ten o'clock. Good-night."

The clerk went to the door and watched the retreating figure as it strode away with an easy grace, carrying the apparently heavy bag without effort.

In a few minutes more the 1.15 had come and gone, bringing no guests to the Railroad Hotel. So the clerk locked up and went thoughtfully up to bed, passing No. 8 on his way with a puzzled stare.

. . . . . .

The early train, which opened the day of New Babylon, brought an unusual press of business to the Railroad Hotel, and the events of the evening before were partly forgotten by its busy factotum, whose first duty had been, however, to thoughtfully inspect the last entry of the previous day in the register.

At half-past nine he was reminded of the matter by the complaint of the chambermaid that she could not get into No. 8.

"Leave No. 8 alone," he ordered. "The gentleman didn't want to be disturbed."

But when the ten o'clock train came in and the woman did not arrive, he became strangely uneasy. The accommodation, arriving forty minutes later, also failed to bring her, nor was the local express, due at 11.15, any more successful. At noon the chambermaids, to whom the circumstances had been communicated in a highly picturesque version by the bell-boy, were reputed to be in a state of panic, and the clerk at last felt that something must be done. A consultation with his father, the proprietor of the house, who passed his time in the kitchen in direct superintendence of the domestic economies of his enterprise, determined him to act, and accompanied by his parent and followed by quite a concourse of "help," he repaired to No. 8.

A sharp preliminary knocking elicited no response. A more emphatic repetition was equally unsuccessful. There was no transom, and the key being in the lock on the inside a pass key was of no avail. The emotional tension of the group had meanwhile risen to the point where violent measures were demanded.

"Break down the door!" shrilled an hysterical female from the stairs.

"Go ahead," said the proprietor, manfully accepting the pecuniary loss thus forced upon him. "Bust her in, George."

It wasn't a very ponderous door, and one vigorous thrust of the clerk's shoulder splintered the bolt from its socket. A shriek went up from the maids as the young man entered and hastily pulled up the window shades which darkened the room.

The apartment thus revealed was in order, save for a slight litter of clothing thrown carelessly upon the chairs. An empty valise lay open upon the table. Upon the bureau between the windows were a few toilet articles, a flask of brandy and a medi-

cine bottle half full of a colorless mixture. The bundle of rugs had been unrolled, and spread upon the bed to supplement its covering. Beneath them lay upon his back the man described in the hotel register as John Mildmay, quite dead and stark, his face upturned. Nothing in his appearance or in the state of the room would have engendered under ordinary circumstances the least suspicion that he had come to his end by any other than natural means.

The door connecting No. 8 with the next room, which had been unoccupied the night before, was wide open and crowded with curious ones who had entered easily from the hall, seeking an advantageous point of view. Clearly it was by that route that the woman had departed the night before, leaving the door of No. 8 locked on the inside. It was the landlord who reasoned this out, under the spur of bitter regret over damage needlessly done.

The coroner, who was also a physician, was summoned, and the room cleared of its curious spectators. The man had died from an overdose of the drug contained in the bottle upon the bureau, but nothing was discovered that gave the least clue to his identity. A considerable sum of money was found under his pillow, and his watch and jewelry were undisturbed. But neither his clothing nor any of his belongings bore any marks by which he could be identified, nor were any papers found in his pockets. So the key was turned upon No. 8 and its mystery pending the usual legal formalities.

But the mystery, in so far as it concerned the identity of the dead man, was short-lived. On the same page of the big city dailies next morning that bore the modest item chronicling this minor happening in a distant town, appeared with bold scareheads the more important news of a great embezzlement. The cashier of the Plutonian National Bank had, it was announced, decamped with the snug sum of forty thousand dollars, leaving behind him evidence of defalcations amounting to as much more. It was the usual case of unsuccessful speculation, at the expense of the bank, by a trusted officer. He had concealed his crime as long as he could, and then had fled, taking with him all the funds immediately available in bills. His whereabouts were unknown,

but the customary paragraph was appended, stating that the police were on his track and he could hardly escape them.

He did escape them, however, for the evening papers promptly told, with even more sensational effect, that the man who lay dead in the little hotel at New Babylon was the well advertised fugitive. He had been identified early in the day by a sharp reporter, whose imagination had connected the two items into a possible "scoop," and who had recognized him in spite of his attempt at disguise. For he had parted before his flight with a distinguishing full beard, and lay dead in New Babylon not only deprived of this possession but also stripped of the important sum of forty thousand dollars, which he had certainly taken away with him.

The mysterious woman, its probable present possessor, at once assumed the leading rôle in this exciting newspaper drama. George Fatling, the clerk, who had seen and talked with her, also bore an important part. His description of her was telegraphed in all directions, and chronicled in all the newspapers. Fac-similes of her entry in the register of the Railroad Hotel were widely reproduced; but all to no purpose. She had bought a ticket that night of a sleepy ticket agent at the station, who remembered her with as little vividness as one remembers one raindrop out of a day's storm. The conductor recalled a woman with a close veil, as to whom he had wondered for an instant whether or no she might be a "good-looker" under her concealing envelope. And a hanger-on at the big station in the city, who had essayed to turn an honest penny by carrying her bag, remembered to have looked after her enviously upon her refusal of his aid, and seen her walk vigorously out of the station into the night. If he had only known what was in the bag! Well, as the gang told him, he'd never come so near to handling forty thousand again.

After that episode, nothing, not a sign, not a trace, not a hint of woman or money. The bank offered a big reward, and the State, bent on bringing home a crime, offered another, but all to no purpose. And so, after a time, the whole matter came to be forgotten — forgotten, that is, by every one save George Fatling, to whom it was the one event of his life.

. . . . . .

Two years later many things had happened to Fatling. The

Railroad Hotel had been torn down to make room for railway improvements, and the elder Fatling had died and thus passed out of the hotel business. And George had come up to town and was night clerk under the vastly improved conditions of a fashionable city hotel, striving hard to forget his humble beginnings and everything connected with them.

That winter occurred the first of the fashionable and profitable series of amateur theatrical performances given by that distinguished corps of warriors, the City Guards, who made their bow as actors in a comic opera at one of the principal theatres for the benefit of their Benevolent Fund. The demand for tickets was simply tremendous and the success of the enterprise instantaneous. Among those who were fortunate enough to be present at the first performance was George Fatling. His enjoyment of the performance was great, in common with the rest of the large audience, but with the entrance of the prima donna, represented, as were all the other female rôles, by a young man, a member of the corps, his interest was intensified. The convincing simulation of feminine traits had been one of the most striking and remarkable features of the production. It was not so much that the men were so astonishingly like women, but that in the dress and make-up of the other sex they took on an entirely independent individuality, bearing no sort of relation to their normal selves. Fatling was personally acquainted with many members of the cast, yet found them uniformly unrecognizable in their unsexed presentation; but though he had no acquaintance with the gentleman who was playing the leading female rôle, with arms gloved to the elbow, the character seemed strangely familiar to him in gait and bearing. In the crowd he had contrived to lose his play-bill, so he was forced to borrow one from a neighbor. As it was being handed to him, the character had occasion to speak for the first time. At the sound of her voice Fatling sank back in his seat, overwhelmed with a torrent of recollections. It was the voice, the walk and the manner of the woman who had disappeared from the hotel in New Babylon two years before. He looked at the bill and found that the character was represented by Mr. Arthur Nettleton.

At the end of the act Fatling went back to the hotel and eagerly questioned his fellow-clerk.

From him he learned that Nettleton, at present a prosperous stock broker, had been, two years before, an employé of the Plutonian Bank and a great chum of the cashier who had absconded. They had shared a little flat uptown, and had been, in the idiom of his informant, "high-rollers," but after his chum's disaster and death Nettleton had pulled up, lived quietly, paid his debts and eventually resigned his position to go into his present business. Nettleton was now "well fixed." He had always gone in for amateur acting. Fatling's informant, by the way, had once seen him play the part of John Mildmay in "Still Waters Run Deep" — only a week or so before his friend the cashier had "skipped" — and he had been "all right."

Fatling listened to this with growing convictions, which became a practical certainty at the last revelation.

"John Mildmay and wife" were the names signed by the mysterious woman in the register of the Railroad Hotel.

He passed the rest of the evening full of tumultuous thoughts and went on duty when his time came in a whirl of excitement. He had scarcely taken charge of the desk, however, when the patrons of the theatre began to return, and the enforced attention to his duties gave him a momentary forgetfulness of the problem which had occupied him.

As he was bending over the register half an hour later, his eye fell upon the signature of Arthur Nettleton. It had been written early in the evening, before the performance, and the room assigned to the writer was, by some strange chance, No. 8. But the startling thing about this signature was that the handwriting was identical with that in which the entry "John Mildmay and wife" had been written on the Railroad Hotel register.

At this instant a party of gentlemen approached the desk and a familiar voice said:

"My key, please."

Fatling started and raised his head. The gentleman, who had spoken in the precise tones of the mysterious woman, was standing with his head turned away, listening to a friend. It was Nettleton.

Upon the impulse of the moment Fatling said with unmistakable emphasis:

"You didn't get back by the ten o'clock train, after all?"

Nettleton turned upon him like a flash, gave him one despairing look of recognition and dropped like a stone.

. . . . . .

At the trial the mystery was completely unravelled. Nettleton had been equally culpable with his chum the cashier, and they had planned to abscond together. To baffle pursuit, the prisoner had disguised himself as a woman, a feat his experience in amateur theatricals had made comparatively easy, intending to resume his masculine character when once in a place of safety. Two men would be described and advertised for; a man travelling with his wife might thus escape scrutiny.

The cashier's sudden death early in their flight had changed all this and had given him his opportunity. To select his belongings from their common store of luggage, and to transfer the plunder to his own person, was easily done. All responsibility remained with the dead man. The demand for his signature was absolutely the only obstacle he encountered, and that was easily met, since as a result of arduous clerical work he had accustomed himself to be ambidextrous, and he had only to use his left hand. He returned quietly to the city, reappeared at his post in the bank next morning, and after the excitement was all over, safely employed his capital for his advantage and, as it turned out, for that of the bank, which entirely recovered the missing sum.

A severe injury to his right hand at the final rehearsal of the play necessitated the gloved arms at the performance and the left-handed signature which precipitated his recognition by Fatling.

Fatling got the reward, and rather more credit for his share in the matter than he wholly deserved.

A Fair Exchange.*

BY ARTHUR DAKIN FOSTER.

[A Sequel to "The Gaikwar's Sword," by H. S. Canfield, in THE BLACK CAT for July, 1900.]

TRAILING a long cloud of smoke over her foaming wake, the Messageries' steamer *Pondichéry*, Dupont, Master, from Bombay for Marseilles, churned the waters of the Red Sea on her northward way. Among the many-hued and polyglot crowd on her decks, one trim and well-attired figure under a pith helmet was conspicuous, no less for the refined beauty of his bronzed features than for the nonchalance and assurance of his bearing. Although registered on the passenger list as J. Revel, London, and a master of perfect English, he was obviously no Englishman, for French, Spanish and Italian rolled with equally faultless accent from his lips, and such varied perfection of speech is not given to the Anglo-Saxon. His position in life was as enigmatic as his nationality, and while the distinction of his features seemed to bespeak gentle lineage there was something in his bearing which might belong either to a cosmopolitan gentleman of leisure or to an accomplished villain. As a matter of fact, he was a villain. Affable but uncommunicative, he drew out everything one intended not to tell, and conveyed nothing in return about himself. His only acquaintance on board was a dark-skinned personage of about fifty, listed as P. de Castro of Paris. They sometimes conversed in Greek.

In the intense heat of late September, speculation with regard to these two soon flagged among the passengers on the *Pondichéry*. This was not true, however, of Messrs. Nichols and Crashaw, whose stateroom adjoined that of De Castro, for their interest in this Parisian Greek and his linguistic friend was prodigious. If Nichols was, indeed, the Bombay Civil Service clerk going home on leave that he professed to be, and Crashaw the foreign buyer for a London firm of importing jewellers, there would seem to be no ob-

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vious reason for their many whispered consultations. They made frequent notes in little red note-books, especially when De Castro and Revel made long visits in each other's rooms, or appeared with clouded brows as if they had quarrelled. It would have surprised them to be told that Revel knew more of their own doings than they, with all their spying, knew of his.

At Port Said, that hell-on-earth on the borderland between all that is worst in East and West — the *Pondichéry* dropped anchor to exchange mails, freight and passengers. Along with a hundred others, curious to see something of this seething hole of iniquity, Revel and De Castro (or, to call him by his true name, Constantin Spiridion, of New Orleans) went ashore. So did the two Englishmen. Revel and Constantin "split tacks" and brought up at two different hotels. Crashaw followed the first, Nichols the second. When the *Pondichéry* proceeded on her way, all four remained at Port Said, although booked for Marseilles.

"A dead waste of £40," observed Revel. "I hoped we might 'shake' the d——d Johnnies here."

"Surely you don't permit those babes-in-the-wood to worry you?" rejoined Constantin.

"Naw," replied Revel, contemptuously. "But they are a nuisance, all the same. If I don't get rid of them at Alexandria, you may call me Jones."

That evening, while Constantin was seeking out a friend of his, Aristarchi by name, famed in the shady purlieus of two hemispheres for his skill in "scattering" gems of doubtful origin, Jack Revel was entertaining the "nuisances" at a *café dansant*. He knew perfectly well that they were Bombay detectives, in pursuit, no, doubt, of the purloiners of the Pride of the World — the priceless bejewelled Sword of Baroda, with whose disappearance and that of the stalwart eunuch Mussach, its guardian, he and Constantin had had more to do than even the "babes in the wood" were aware. For four hours the trio watched the Arab jugglers, French singers and Zanzibari dancers, and quaffed champagne at six dollars the bottle, at Revel's expense. The duello of wit that rattled between him and his guests, the thrust and parry of innuendo and repartee, there is no need to reproduce. The detectives were no match for the past-master of shrewd deception with whom they

were dealing. In the end the "babes" had wholly failed to extract a single shred of positive evidence of his identity with the mysterious and brilliant Vicomte de Tèche, who had with his deaf-mute servant so suddenly disappeared from the British Residence at Baroda on the same night with the vanishing of Mussach. Revel, on the other hand, had learned all that he wished to know. He was certain that the Gaikwar had kept secret the loss of the sword, and that the "babes" knew only that certain priceless gems, easily identified, had been stolen and must be recovered. The unsupported suspicions of the detectives would never suffice to procure his arrest. As for the sword, the despoiled blade, hilt and scabbard lay at the bottom of the Red Sea, some hundred miles apart.

. . . . . .

When, at the request of his good friend the Gaikwar, Sir Montacute Jerrold, Acting British Resident at Baroda, telegraphed to the Chief of Police at Bombay to watch every outgoing ship for the alleged Vicomte and his servant, suspected of the theft of certain royal jewels, Mussach was supposed to have been their accomplice and to have fled "up country." This suspicion, it is true, went sore against the Gaikwar's grain. Amid all the intrigue and corruption of his little court, this fierce guardian of the sword had ever been true as the steel of the blade committed to his charge. But he had vanished, and with him the one key to the underground vault, whose chief treasure had been the wonderful weapon. Not until the third day was the Gaikwar able, with the help of a venerable retainer of his late father's — a man who knew every labyrinthine passage of the Palace, both above and below ground — to effect an entrance to the subterranean chamber. Stealthily one dark night, with one trusty guard attending them, they threaded the secret tunnel debouching on the river, by which the plunderers had entered and departed; penetrated to the chamber, and unlocked the case where glowed the marvellous counterfeit left by the thieves.

"Clever fools," muttered the Prince as he inspected the treasure. "But hold — what is this? Bring the light nearer — by the beards of my fathers! — blood! Mussach must have fought! Be this his blood or that of thieves, he was faithful to the end."

The next day Mussach's body was discovered by a fisherman, on

the river-bottom near the tunnel. There was a small rapier stab through the base of his neck.

. . . . . .

While Nichols and Crashaw at Port Said slept away the night, somewhat heavy with wine, Revel and his friend were conferring in a café of a low Greek *locanda* near the docks. They talked in low tones, while the Levantine night-clerk snoozed at his desk under a smoky kerosene lamp. Constantin was in a sullen and scowling mood. Revel's eyes glowed with a baleful light, but his expression was inscrutable.

"We're in a devil of a hole, that's all there is to it," said Constantin. "'Stark' knows that we have the stones, and refuses absolutely to negotiate for them. He has us in his power, and if once the 'babes' find him he will tell them what he knows for a reward, unless we can put up enough swag to make it worth his while to keep mum."

Revel lighted a fresh cigarette. "Guileless Greek! Does that worry you? Are you not up to his bluffs? Do you not see what *he* well knows, that in the end he can make fifty-fold more by handling the shiners than by any swag or reward that we or the 'babes' might put up? What did he say? What did you show him, or what did *you* say? I fear a Greek — even protesting childlike guilessness like yourself."

"I'm no chicken, indeed!" replied Constantin. "But I could neither handle nor fathom Aristarchi. I began with some of the little fellows — rubies, emeralds and two or three diamonds. He didn't want them."

"What did he say?"

"He asked me if I had nothing larger or finer. Said he had more than he could handle of common, small stones. I showed him the big topazes. He turned them over and handed them back to me. Then I let him see the 'Light of the Harem,' and the 'King' ruby, and finally the great 'Golconda.' He looked at me with a very strange and sinister smile, and when I — who could hardly contain my indignation — said, 'Well — what then?' — he replied, 'Get out of here with your trash — begone!' I tell you, there is trouble brewing. This business is going to the devil, and taking us both with it."

Revel heard this with momentarily undisguised astonishment. Then, recovering his usual *sangfroid*, he leaned forward on the table and fixed his penetrating gaze upon the Greek.

"You are, indeed, no chicken," he said, "but you are not as sharp as you think, nor I as dull of comprehension. Your game is transparent, and it will not work. Did you really imagine you could sell gems worth a million and get away from me with the proceeds? You cannot do it, my childlike friend, and you will consult your own interest by banking the cash with me at once. If you try to play a lone hand you will certainly go to Hades, whether I go with you or not."

"By my soul!" ejaculated Constantin, "by the Panaghia and all the saints in heaven, I speak the truth! Nay, I have the proof that I have not sold the gems, for here is the 'King,' and the 'Light' and the 'Golconda.' In this desperate pass I trust them even in your hands. Nay — fear not — the bloke at the desk is asleep." So saying he put three gems, that flashed red, green and pale blue, into Revel's hands.

"Bah," sneered Revel, "take back your trash!" He who has counterfeited those gems once can do it twice. I have no use for your paste imitations."

"On my soul, these are the originals; you helped me break them off the hilt. Why do you not believe me? On my faith, 'Stark' called them 'pasta' even as you do, but these are the very stones we broke off." His voice trembled with protestation.

Revel almost believed him; but if he spoke the truth, it meant serious peril to them both. Undoubtedly if Aristarchi had refused to negotiate it was because he had somehow learned of the robbery, or was being watched by agents of the Gaikwar, more astute than the "babes," in which case he and Constantin were in danger of immediate detection and arrest. Unless, indeed — but no, he could not entertain the alternative; it could not be that the priceless thing they had purloined was, after all, *not* — Revel refused to complete the awful and humiliating suggestion. But it was necessary to quit Port Said at once.

At Alexandria whither, to their disgust, they were followed by the "babes," Revel took pains again to entertain Crashaw, this time in a private room of a café, where Crashaw tried to "drink"

him into garrulity, not knowing his man, nor having ever had experience of knock-out drops. By eleven o'clock Revel had the pleasure of seeing him to his hotel in a cab, from which two hotel porters bore him helpless to his room.

"A drop too much," Revel observed, smilingly, to the night clerk. "He will be all right in the morning." Then, lighting a cigarette, he strolled out.

At midnight exactly, at a designated street corner, he met Constantin, for whom during all these hours Nichols had been vainly lying in wait at a Jew's shop, where stolen gems were reputed to find a market. Together they threaded by-ways and alleys, seeking the loneliest and most "eccentric" quarters of the town. Their whispered words became hoarse and angry. Charge and countercharge, accusation and protest — who shall recount, for who but the silent heavens heard what passed between them? Partners in crime, each felt himself in the power of an unscrupulous and remorseless companion. The demon of jewel lust was in their hearts, and each knew that the other was seeking an advantage not in the bond under which they had set out, and would not stop at the blackest treachery to compass it. It was a duel of tiger and panther. Revel's was the master-mind, his the coolest audacity. The gems were in Constantin's pocket.

Suddenly, in a dark corner by the harbor, Revel stumbled heavily against the Greek. The latter, suspecting guile, drew from his breast a dagger and struck like lightning at Revel's heart precisely as Revel had intended he should. By an amazing parry the blow was warded off at the cost of a slight wound on the arm, and the next instant the Greek fell to the ground, with a faint sob and gurgle. Revel's dirk had penetrated the base of the throat. So had Mussach died not long before.

It was a dark corner, and no one had seen the deed. Ripping here and cutting there, Revel stripped the linings of the victim's clothing and his money-belt of their hidden jewels. Then, leaving watch and money intact, and readjusting the clothing, he rolled the body over the sea-wall. It fell with a splash into the water. Fifteen minutes later he entered the hotel, smoking a cigarette, roused the night clerk for his key, and went to his room, where for four hours he slept the sleep of the conscienceless. Early the

next morning he sailed for Constantinople. He had kept his promise, he had "shaken" the "babes," he had made Constantin disgorge. The Orient Express took him to Vienna, whence he proceeded to Amsterdam and ultimately to New Orleans. But the largest amount he could induce the shady experts of Amsterdam to give for the plunder taken from Constantin was six hundred and forty-two dollars, which, as he said to himself, didn't begin to pay the expenses of the enterprise.

. . . . . .

The baffled "babes" met each other the next noon with long faces. "Clever dogs," observed Nichols. "Damned sneaks," snarled Crashaw, whose temples still throbbed with an unconscionable headache. After hanging around Alexandria another day, vainly seeking Constantin, the detectives gave up the quest and set sail for Bombay.

The composure of the Gaikwar of Baroda when, over their chess and ale, the Acting British Resident told the potentate of the failure of the "babes," was astonishing. Humorous wrinkles puckered the corners of his eyes and his lips twitched under his black beard.

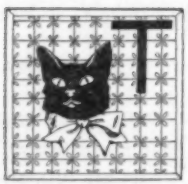
"Your Excellency," he replied at length, "you have a proverb, have you not, 'A fair exchange is no robbery'? Well, when I started the detectives on their quest, I thought I had been robbed. When I inspected the vault, I found that the deaf-mute and his master were clever workmen — ah, yes, *very* clever. They left a very clever counterfeit in place of what they took away. But it was *a perfectly fair exchange!*"

The Gaikwar chuckled gently and his fat sides shook. Then he patted the Acting Resident on the shoulder.

"Some day," he whispered, "when I shall have properly replaced Mussach (may he rest in Paradise!) I will show you the *real* Sword of Baroda.

White Man's Medicine.*

BY DAVID BRUCE FITZGERALD.



HEY were "putting the Santa Fé through" at the time. Moreover, they were not allowing the grass to grow between the ties before the rails went down — which was good for the Company, but bad for the track layers. There were few who saw the telegrams, the burden of which was "Push it! Push it! Put it through! Put it through!" but half the mules and Mexicans in the Territory perspired under the pressure and knew that somebody high in authority was in a dreadful hurry.

Payson and Redington were among those who were, on occasion, allowed to read the words on the yellow slips of paper. They held the contract to build the road from Albuquerque to the Arizona line; one hundred and fifty miles due west, and fifty more to follow the loops in which the engineers had laid the route down. And — because an American millionaire somewhere was in a hurry — there was a clause in the contract binding Payson and Redington to forfeit one thousand dollars for each and every day beyond a specified time that should see their section uncompleted. Payson, a small, grizzled man, who was in New Mexico for a bad throat, worried a little over this part of the agreement. Redington, who was younger and from Missouri and of a hopeful temperament, never thought of it except when his partner mentioned it. He did not doubt for a moment that they would put the Santa Fé through on time.

From the first the contractors for the Albuquerque-Arizona division anticipated hard work and a handsome profit. This was because they were acquainted with the Territory of New Mexico and its inhabitants. "Greaser" labor was there in plenty, and they expected to use it on the eastern end of their section, and to

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pay for it at the usual rate of a dollar a day for each man. But Payson and Redington knew a thing which was worth exactly two of that. An Indian will not leave his home to look for work or to accept it, but if it lies at his door he will come out and, for a consideration, put his hand to it. And at the western end of the Albuquerque division, beyond the pass between the San Mateo and the Zuñi Mountains, the proposed line of the Santa Fé was bordered by the many villages of the Navajos. The contractors thought of this before they set their names to the agreement drawn up by the Company. In fact, they thought of it so long before that Redington had time, in the interval, to make a westward dash on horseback and hold an interview, three days prolonged, with Spotted Owl, the head chief of the tribe. At sunset of the third day host and guest exchanged pledges. The Missourian's was in the shape of a paper, in which he bound himself, as preliminary to any further proceedings, to deliver into the hands of the chief fifteen breech-loading rifles, with one hundred rounds of ammunition for each. Spotted Owl, in return, presented his new friend with two arrows, tied together in three places with strands of horsehair. This was understood to mean that, when the time came, three thousand young men of the Navajos should help build the road for the fire-horse. It was further agreed that each brave should receive fifty cents a day and get his food where he could find it. And so it was that Payson and Redington had some reason to think that they would not lose on their contract to put one division of the Santa Fé through.

For a time, so long that it might well have been longer, everything worked into the hands of Payson and Redington. They found, of course, that there were drawbacks to the employment of the Indians as laborers. One of them lay in the fact that the Navajos could not learn to drive spikes with accuracy, and another in the failure of the aboriginal mind to retain the impression that it was essential to preserve a uniform distance between the rails. But these trifles the contractors overcame by putting a couple of white men in each gang, and in the heavy work of making the road-bed and laying ties the Navajos were as good as any.

So, under the urging of Payson, the "Greasers," in seven months and a half, put the Santa Fé through from Albuquerque

westward to McCarty's Station; and the Indians, under the pushing of Redington, built the track from Manuelito eastward to Bluewater. It was then the middle of May, and seventeen days within the time limit mentioned in the contract; and the gap between the ends of the rails was a little less than twelve miles wide.

Redington, that evening, rode his bronco over to McCarty's, and the partners held a long consultation in Payson's tent. The upshot of it was that Redington, by sheer force of youth and a hopeful temperament, convinced Payson, against his will and judgment, that it was time to let the Mexicans go, and thereby put some thousands of dollars in their pockets. Why pay a Mexican a dollar a day when a redskin would work for fifty cents? And the twelve unfinished miles were across country that lay like a floor.

The next morning the men were paid off, and told to seek the homes that, no doubt, longed for their return. Payson made them a speech in the Spanish language, in which he expressed his conviction that the President and Directors of the Santa Fé would rest under a life-long obligation to each of them individually, and they responded with that feeble cheer in which those who have had the souls worked out of them acknowledge their indebtedness to him who has done the working. And in two days the only Mexicans within fifty miles of McCarty's Station were those retained to look after the mules. The completion of the Albuquerque-Arizona division of the Santa Fé rested on the shoulders of Spotted Owl's young men.

Redington spent those two days and another at McCarty's, checking off items in books and verifying columns of figures. And the mind of Redington was easy, for Kelly was "bossing things" at Bluewater. Now the face of Kelly was the face of a bull-terrier and he knew railroad building down to the ground. There were also a good many things of which he was profoundly ignorant, but, under the circumstances, these did not count against him. The junior partner felt that if Kelly retained his voice, which was likely, seeing that it had never shown signs of weakening, the Indians would do their stint of track each twenty-four hours.

On the evening of the third day this confidence was shaken. A small Mexican, on a lathered pony, dashed up to the tent door and

produced a crumpled sheet of wrapping paper. Redington, by certain signs, diagnosed it as a note from Kelly, which, in effect, it was.

"The niggers" — it ran — "have laid down their tools. Cause, ghosts. You had better come up."

"Wh-ew," whistled Redington, as he read the scrawl and passed it to his partner. "The Indians have quit. I wonder what the ghost business means. The Navajo medicine man doesn't look with any great favor on the coming of the railroad, and he has probably been working on the superstitions of his people. Guess we had better take Kelly's advice and arrive as soon as possible."

"Reckon we had," replied Payson, in a drawl which unmistakably indicated his Old Dominion ancestry. "This is Kelly's first experience in bossing a lot of Indians and he hasn't learned their little peculiarities."

This was all that was said, but it was only an hour after daybreak the next morning when Payson and Redington swung themselves out of their saddles at the place where a low embankment, with ties laid across it, lifted itself out of the desert. There were mountains to north and south, divided by a wide reach of yellow plain, across which the railroad wound like a huge serpent. This plain was dotted with cones and brown patches and red splashes, indicating teepees and sagebrush and Navajo blankets. It could be observed, in the growing light, that an air of perfect cheerfulness pervaded the whole scene. The Indians were already astir; and, while the squaws prepared breakfast, the braves sat about in groups, chatting and laughing in a lazy, good-natured way. There was no look of concern in the eyes that, now and then, were turned toward the unfinished embankment, bordered on either side by a long row of deserted wheelbarrows. It was a matter of indifference to the Navajo nation whether the Santa Fé was put through that year or that century, and such things as forfeiture clauses in contracts had never been so much as spoken of among them.

"What's the trouble here, Kelly?" asked Redington, as that broken reed hastened to greet his employers. Kelly, short, broad-shouldered and with the aforesaid face, was plainly not the man to appreciate the subtleties of Navajo thought or to deal tenderly with the vagaries of the children of the plains.

"Whatever it is, it's dead ahead and blocking the whole line," replied the man who had given it up. "The redskins say it's ghosts; but my own notion is that Spotted Owl wants a pocket knife or a toothbrush or a palace car named after him or something of the kind. I've been up to his tent a dozen times to ask him to name the article; but he and his people stick to the story that it's ghosts."

"Go find the chief and bring him up to headquarters," said Payson, addressing Kelly. "Tell him we are here and want a talk with him." And the partners, turning their ponies over to a boy, walked slowly in the direction of the square brown tent, which was the usual habitation of Redington and which moved with the extension of the line.

In half an hour Spotted Owl came, and the two contractors arose from their camp stools, set under the extension fly in front of the tent, to greet him. The chief was a thin, wiry man, who moved with the agile tread of a mountain lion. His face was dignified, though it carried numerous smears of green paint; and a score of large sleigh bells, each of which had doubtless cost a pony, were attached to the edges of his gaudy blanket.

"How!" said the chief, seating himself on a third camp stool. "My white brothers have sent for me. They desire to ask why the young men of the Navajos stay in their teepees instead of building the road for the fire-horse. Is it not so?" And, from the fact that Spotted Owl thus plunged at once into the discussion of the main question, the two white men knew that the Indian regarded the situation as serious.

"The thoughts of Spotted Owl are our thoughts," replied Redington. "We are anxious to know whether the great chief of the Navajos gave his word only to break it, and whether he has forgotten the arrows tied with horse hair."

"The tongue of Spotted Owl has never contradicted his heart," returned the Indian, with a show of offended pride. "The braves of my nation will not work because they are afraid."

"Do I understand the chief of the Navajos to say that his children are cowards?" inquired Redington, and Payson frowned and shook his head warningly. There was nothing to be gained by provoking the red man.

"Nay; it is not cowardice to fear those who cannot be seen," said the chief, not angrily, but rather with that touch of pitying indulgence in his tone with which wisdom is accustomed to mark its superiority over ignorance. "Yonder, where the white men have driven sticks in the ground to mark where the road is to go, there was once a great battle on the desert. It was when I was a child, but I have heard my father tell of it. The Navajos came out of the mountains to the north and the Zuñis came out of the mountains to the south, and they fought from sunrise to sunrise, a day and a night. Many great warriors of each nation fell. Yesterday two of my young men, riding their ponies, thoughtlessly approached too near the place where the spirits of those who fell continue to fight. One of them felt an arrow enter his shoulder; but when he grasped at it to draw it out there was no arrow there. The other was struck in the forehead by a war-club; but when he returned there was no blood on his face. It was a warning to my people that they should not venture on that ground. I went, when the news came to me, to Wamapi, and asked him to make medicine, that the lives of my young men might be preserved; but he answered that there was no medicine strong enough to turn the weapons of the great spirit warriors. Spotted Owl will not send his children to the battle when they cannot see those who shoot at them." And the chief glanced at the white men with the satisfied air of one who has advanced an unanswerable argument.

"Will our red brother wait while we enter the tent and talk?" asked Payson, speaking for the first time, and breaking the reflective pause which followed Spotted Owl's statement of the case; and, as the chief gravely assented, the contractors withdrew for a consultation.

"What do you think of it?" asked Redington, when they found themselves alone.

"It strikes me as having an unfavorable look," replied Payson. "You know something of the ineradicable superstition of these Indians; and it is evident, as you conjectured last night, that Wamapi, the medicine man, is at the bottom of it. The two braves who reported a mysterious attack made upon them were doubtless acting under his instructions."

"But what are we going to do about it? That seems to be the pressing question," said the junior partner. "I wonder if we could get the Mexicans together again."

"Of course; and we will if we must." The fact that there was no tone of triumph in Payson's voice at this point showed that he was a great man in his way. "But it would take time; and time is precisely the one thing we cannot afford to lose. It would be like rounding up a herd of cattle that has broken into straggling bunches."

There was a moment of silence, while each man was thinking his own thoughts. Payson's eyes rested, in an abstracted way, on an extemporized shelf at one side of the tent, and he unconsciously fell to noting the articles it contained — a lantern, a dozen bottles, a cigar box, a pair of huge spurs and a miscellaneous assortment of pipes. Suddenly a gleam of half-humorous, half-hopeful intelligence flashed across his face. Rising, he lifted the flap of the tent and beckoned Spotted Owl to enter.

"My white brother and my red brother will go and find Wamapi," said the senior partner, with an impressiveness which did not fail of its effect; "and, when they have found him, they will bring him here. While they are gone I will make medicine to protect the Navajos from the weapons of the spirit warriors who fight yonder on the desert. Wamapi himself shall say whether it is strong enough."

"But can my brother so soon find the roots and the strong claws of the bear and the white teeth of the wolf out of which to make medicine?" asked the chief, regarding the white man doubtfully.

"Wamapi makes one kind of medicine and I make another," replied Payson. "Is there not water there in the bucket? What more do I want?"

"Will my brother turn the water into medicine so strong that the spirit braves will fear it and fly from it?" enquired the Indian, with still more obvious incredulity.

"You shall see! Go find Wamapi and bring him hither." And Payson hustled his partner and the chief out of the tent.

The smiles on the face of Payson during the next half-hour were frequent, testifying to his own appreciation of the fact that

his proceedings were curious rather than impressive. He took from the shelf a rather large bottle, uncorked it and sniffed at the contents. With his pocket knife he carefully removed the broad white label. Happening to discover the half of a celluloid soap dish, such as are found in travelling cases, he seized on it and put it in his pocket. Then he stretched his knees, stiff from hard riding, and waited. When voices were heard outside, Payson, taking the bottle in one hand and the shallow soap dish in the other, went forth.

"We have found Wamapi and brought him," said the chief, indicating the fantastic and not over-cleanly figure of the great Navajo wizard. Wamapi was the wreck of a colossus. His suspicious eyes looked out from beneath a head-dress of colored feathers; and the ordinary blanket was replaced, in his case, by a gorgeous beaded jacket.

"Yes," said Payson, holding the bottle between him and the light, as though making a critical examination of its contents. "Yes; Wamapi shall smell and taste the white man's medicine, and shall say whether it is stronger than his own."

"Huh!" growled the Indian magician. "It is water."

"I fear I have made it even too strong," remarked Payson, continuing his inspection of the bottle. "But Wamapi will tell us. See, I will pour some of the water into this little dish, and Wamapi shall smell it, that he may say whether the spirit warriors will not fly from the odor of it."

Wamapi, with the air of a master indulging the whim of an amateur, advanced. Payson hastily poured some of the liquid into the soap dish and thrust it forward. The Indian, to show that he was not afraid, lowered his head and drew a deep breath. Instantly, with a yell which was strangled in his throat, he sprang into the air, then threw his head back, and gasped and gasped again, while involuntary tears rolled down his painted cheeks.

"Ah!" said Payson quietly. "Wamapi weeps because the white man's medicine is stronger than his own. Will he now drink some of it, that the taste of it on his tongue may prove to him that this is so?"

But Wamapi had no more notion of tasting the white man's medicine than Payson had of allowing him to do it. The Navajo

wizard, muttering, fell back into the shadow of the chief; and Spotted Owl, understanding that this was a virtual acknowledgment of the white man's power, immediately transferred his allegiance to the stronger party.

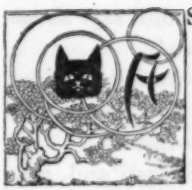
"Go!" cried Payson, frowning savagely at Redington, who was on the point of suffocation with the laugh that was stopping his breath, "Go! Chief of the Navajos, summon your young men; tell them that Wamapi has tested the strength of the white man's medicine; command them to leave their teepees and come forth to build the road for the fire-horse. I will go before them, and will scatter all things that would hurt them."

And presently Payson, at the head of a long procession of moving wheelbarrows, journeyed eastward along the line of stakes pegged down by the engineers. Now and then, without pausing, for time was money, he poured a few drops of colorless liquid from the bottle in his right hand into the soap dish in his left and, with a prolonged shout, which sounded suspiciously like the yell of an Eastern college, cast it to the sands of the desert and the breezes of New Mexico. And, much to the surprise of some of them, there were no casualties among the Navajos as they worked their way across the ancient battlefield; whereby the fame of the white medicine man grew so mighty that it lasts even to this day.

And this is how Payson, armed with a bottle of ammonia, built the link of the road between Bluewater and McCarty's Station, and joined the two ends of the Santa Fé.

In the Dead of Night.*

BY EDGAR WELTON COOLEY.



AS he stepped out of the alley into the street, it began to rain dismally. This pleased him, for it added to the blackness of the night and had a tendency to drive away any late pedestrian.

He was not hampered by luggage. Such tools as he needed — a bar of soap, an air-pump, a can of nitroglycerine, some fuse, a jimmy, a dark lantern, a revolver — he carried in his pockets, and, under his coat, a folded grain sack.

Without pausing, without hesitating, he glanced searchingly up and down the street. A smoking oil lamp stood upon a post on the corner of the main street of the village, its feeble rays struggling ineffectively in the mist. No living creature was stirring; no other glimmer visible.

A few strides took him to the side window of a building. The sill was on a level with his head. He tried to raise the sash, but, as he had expected, it was fastened. So he took the jimmy from his pocket, and, slipping its thin edge under the frame, threw all his weight suddenly upon the handle.

With a report like that of a pistol, the lock snapped. For five minutes, perhaps, the burglar crouched in the shadows under the window, watching, listening. But not a sound, save the patter of the rain in the gutter, did he hear; not a moving object did he see.

Then carefully, noiselessly, he pushed up the sash and climbed in. He was in total darkness, but knew exactly where he stood. He could have drawn an accurate, detailed plan of the interior of the building — knew precisely how many feet it was from the window to the safe; from the safe to the front doors; from the window to his horse and buggy, standing in the alley at the rear.

So, although he could not see his hand before him, he turned confidently to his left and walked six paces. Then he circled to his right around the end of the counter, and took four steps more. Pausing, he reached out his hand and touched the safe.

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The burglar moved his hand gleefully over the door and laughed. The bank was not provided with a vault. A good vault costs as much as a building, and this was a small bank in a country town. So the funds were entrusted to the protection of this "burglar-proof" safe. He wondered what the citizens would say about "burglar-proof" safes while gathering up the pieces!

Without losing a moment, he filled the cracks around the door of the safe with soap, leaving one small opening. To this opening he attached his pump and exhausted the air on the inside.

Closing the opening, he cut a piece off the bar of soap, and, rolling it between his palms and moulding it with his fingers, soon fashioned it into the shape of a small cup. This he fastened at the bottom of the door and filled with nitroglycerine. Then he attached a fuse.

Ten feet from the safe, a door opened into the rear office of the bank, and in this room the safe-breaker had planned to seek refuge while the explosive was doing its work. Not desiring to tarry unnecessarily in close proximity to a charge of nitroglycerine about to explode, he concluded, before lighting the fuse, to satisfy himself that the door of this inner room was not locked or bolted.

He turned the knob, the door opened readily, and he took one step across the threshold. Then he paused. In the intense darkness he could not see an object; in the perfect silence he could not hear a sound.

But Something — premonition, instinct, some indefinable sixth sense — Something sent a chill through him, and he trembled as one who suddenly becomes conscious of the presence of unseen spirits. Without the power to move, he stood, staring into the darkness, the perspiration standing in icy drops upon his forehead.

With the desperation that fear inspires, he drew his dark-lantern, slipped back the slide, and threw the searching glare around the room, lighting first the most distant corner. Slowly he moved the lantern, bringing the round spot of brilliant light towards him across the carpet. Suddenly he uttered a low cry and shrank back as the light fell fiercely upon an object almost at his feet.

So near that by stooping the burglar could have touched him, a dead man lay, his waxen face and sightless eyes turned upwards! The carpet, where his head and shoulders rested, gleamed scarlet

with his blood; the nerveless fingers of his right hand clasped a pistol; in the centre of his forehead was a ghastly wound.

With a strange weakness in his knees the burglar bent over the dead man, brushed back his matted hair, took the pistol gently from his fingers and folded his hands across his breast. In the corpse the cracksman recognized Frazer, the bank cashier.

On the desk beside him was the following letter, unsealed:

> Being no longer able to conceal my shortage, to hide the fact that the safe does not contain the amount of money that it should, and being a coward, I have chosen a coward's method of paying my debt. I do not ask for pity. I only ask compassion for my wife.

For a moment the burglar stood undecided, the letter in his hand. Suddenly, breaking the impressive silence, came the loud ringing of a telephone bell. Instantly, involuntarily, the burglar closed the lantern slide, gripped his pistol and crouched behind the desk. Again the bell rang, and mechanically he arose and walked to the telephone. Standing with one foot on each side of the dead cashier, he took down the receiver.

"Hello," he said, imitating the voice of one whose eyes he could feel, but could not see. He was answered by a woman.

"Oh, Henry!" she said, "I have just awakened from such a vivid, such an awful dream. I know it is silly, but it frightened me. I dreamed that you were in trouble, in disgrace. And then I awoke and found you had not returned home. Oh, Henry, what is keeping you so late? Come home at once, will you not, dear?"

"Yes," the burglar replied, as one in a daze.

"Do," she continued, and there was anxiety in her voice. "I am so glad, so glad it was only a dream. I would rather see you dead than dishonored, Henry dear."

The cracksman crept back to the desk and seated himself in the dead man's chair, the woman's voice still ringing in his ears.

That voice! It haunted him like a memory of the long ago, like an echo of the days of childhood. It stirred, it thrilled him. It aroused that old mad love of his boyhood. Whose voice was it? Undoubtedly the wife of that dead coward lying at his feet. But who had she been before — before she married him?

That voice! Could it be Martha's? Years and years ago, when they were schoolmates, he had loved Martha, worshipping her

from afar, for she was a dweller on the Avenue, and he a child of the tenements. A vast social gulf divided them, but he loved her in secret, knowing that he scarcely entered her thoughts.

Once he had thrashed a boy for teasing her, and she had smiled at him. He had never forgotten that smile. That was years and years ago, but, though she had long since passed out of his life, he had never loved another. And now — was that voice indeed the voice of Martha?

Again the burglar deliberately opened the slide of his lantern and turned the gleam upon the desk. Directly in front of him he saw a picture in a silver frame. It was a photograph of a woman — not a particularly handsome woman — but glorified by a dazzling smile — and he recognized that smile!

From that face he turned reluctantly at last to gaze with scorn at the cold features of the man lying there with the scarlet mark of sin upon his brow. He felt no pity now — nothing but contempt — but Martha's words, "I would rather see you dead than dishonored," rang in his ears.

With a smile he placed the letter — the contemptible letter — in his pocket, picked up Frazer's pistol, replaced the empty shell with a loaded cartridge, and laid the weapon in a drawer. Then he tore the collar of the cashier's coat, ripped one sleeve half its length, and overturned the chairs and scattered them about.

It was nearly daybreak. In a few moments the gray would be creeping up the eastern sky.

Quickly the burglar blew the safe and scattered the gold and silver and banknotes upon the floor, "Now," he said, to himself, "they will find the bank broken, the safe looted, the cashier murdered!" Leaving his soap and dark lantern by the shattered safe, he fled, and two things only did he take — the cashier's letter and the photograph in the silver frame.

Through the rain and darkness he drove away, penniless but not unhappy. A woman's smiling face seemed to thank him. He laughed aloud as he fled through the gray of morning, thinking of a schoolgirl smiling at a ragged urchin.

Machine Type-Setters.

Said to be Hard on Operators.

The work of a typesetter in a modern printing office is very exacting, particularly if he runs a linotype or typesetting machine. It requires the closest attention and rapid and sympathetic action of both brain and hand. This machine works much like a typewriter. Such workers fed on ordinary food give up because of nervous prostration, some in a short time, and some are able to stand it longer.

One of these workers says: "I have been at the linotype three years. It has made a great change in my once robust health. About three months ago, after long expecting it, I completely collapsed, from indigestion and extreme nervousness. The daily physic I had not dared to omit for years, now and then, refused relief and a physician was consulted.

"'Change of occupation and diet,' read the prescription, 'advise eating Grape-Nuts food twice daily.' I had often set up the advertisements of the Postum Cereal Co., but somehow printers are apt to think advertisements are not intended for them to make use of. I could not well change my occupation, but did change the diet.

"Since then have used Grape-Nuts, both at breakfast and supper, daily. The results are truly remarkable. The first perceptible change was in the matter of digestion. It has been six weeks since I have had to swallow an aperient of any kind. At the beginning of my experiment with Grape-Nuts I weighed 124 pounds; last evening I tipped the beam at 157½.

"My nerves, which were completely shattered three months ago, are now strong and steady, and I do not tire easily, though I go to bed an hour later on an average than formerly, and have increased my capacity at the machine fully two columns of type a day. I am convinced that Grape-Nuts food is the food for persons of sedentary occupation, especially for those who work with brain in lieu of brawn." Chas. H. Eckhard, 177 N. Chambers St., Galesburg, Ill.

The Comparative Cost

On a 10,000 Line Yearly Contract, of an Advertisement, 100 Lines deep, two columns wide, column rule out, "Position" top column next reading, on a run-of-paper page, in Leading Daily Newspapers of the United States.

Name of Paper	*Rate Per Line (Stated in decimal fractions of a dollar.)	Circulation	Rate Per Line Per M. (Stated in decimal fractions of a cent.)
Philadelphia Record	.27	187,211	.14422
Philadelphia Inquirer	.225	173,186	.12992
*Chicago News	.375	296,526	.12646
Chicago Record-Herald	.30	146,000	.20547
Cincinnati Enquirer	.19	80,000	.23750
St. Louis Globe-Democrat	.1875	86,573	.21658
St. Louis Post-Dispatch	.18	96,693	.18615
St. Louis Republic	.15	80,000	.18750
Washington Star	.125	36,193	.34537
Baltimore American	.0933	70,000	.13328
Pittsburg Post	.10	59,709	.16747
Buffalo News	.1625	74,000	.21959
Minneapolis Times	.0625	30,200	.20695
St. Paul Pioneer Press	.08	32,715	.24453
Boston Globe	.30	193,765	.15482
Boston Post	**.18**	**177,397**	**.10141**

EXPLANATORY NOTES:—The Circulations given above are the latest statements of the Individual Newspapers. Some of them, including the Boston Daily Post's, are sworn to.——Leading New York Newspapers are not included, because upon their recent circulation statements it is impossible to figure the exact cost per line per thousand of their different editions for which distinct prices are charged.—— The matter of cuts, desired by most advertisers, is not considered. Many of above papers charge an additional extra for cuts. **No extra cut charge with Boston Post** ——*The Chicago News does not guarantee any "position."

Observe! Observe!! Remember! Remember!!

THE BOSTON POST

Has the Lowest Rate Per Line Per Thousand Circulation.

☞ *Seven of the above fifteen contemporaries charge over twice The Boston Post's rate per thousand circulation.*

MANY ADVANTAGES.

Perfect in fit, never ragged or uncomfortable. Very convenient, stylish, economical. Made of fine cloth and exactly resemble linen goods. Turn down collars are reversible and give double service.

NO LAUNDRY WORK.

When soiled, discard. **Ten collars or five pairs of cuffs, 25c. By mail, 30c.** Send 6c. in stamps for sample collar or pair of cuffs. Name size and style.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Dept. O, Boston.

Make More Money.

Is your income sufficient? If not, and you are anxious to increase it, write me, stating what amount you can invest, **if only $10,** and I will write you a letter of advice **Free.** For years I have done nothing except study investments. I know I can increase your income by pointing out **Safe** investments, hitherto unknown.

ANDREW L. BUSH, Investment Broker,
Bank References. Springfield, Mass.

How to Quit Tobacco.

A new discovery, odorless and tasteless, that Ladies can give in coffee or any kind of food, quickly curing the patient without his knowledge. Anyone can have a free trial package by addressing Rogers Drug and Chemical Co., 2815 Fifth and Race Sts., Cincinnati, Ohio.

OIL - - SMELTER - - MINES.

DOUGLAS, LACEY & CO

Bankers, Brokers, Fiscal Agents.

Members N. Y. Consolidated Stock Exchange, and Los Angeles, Cal. Stock Exchange.

66 BROADWAY & 17 NEW ST., NEW YORK.

Dividend-Paying Mining, Oil and Smelter Stocks, Listed and Unlisted, our Specialty.

Booklets giving our successful plan for realizing the large profits of legitimate mining, oil and smelter investments, subscription blanks, full particulars, etc, sent free to any interested on application.

BRANCHES — Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburg, Buffalo, Prescott, Ariz.; Los Angeles, Cal.; Hartford, Conn.; Halifax, N. S.; St. John, N. B.; Montreal and Toronto, Can.

Accidents all the time

Nearly every person sooner or later meets with an accident. Injuries usually mean loss of income and added expense. More than 200 persons were injured by the explosion in New York City, Jan. 27.

An Accident Policy

in the Travelers (the largest and strongest Accident Insurance Company in the world) guarantees a weekly income while disabled and large amounts for loss of legs, arms, hands, feet or eyes. If death ensues, a stated sum is paid. Nearly $26,000,000 have been distributed among 373,000 policy holders or their families, for injuries or death.

A Life Policy

in the Travelers provides safe insurance at a lower premium than mutual companies and at a guaranteed net cost. In mutual companies the net cost is usually greater than expected, because actual dividends never equal estimated dividends and the net cost is never known beforehand.

Thirty-seven years of conservative, successful business management emphasize the soundness and strength of The Travelers.

Let us send you some interesting literature demonstrating the superior advantages of the Travelers Policies. Branch offices in nearly every city.

The Travelers Insurance Co.

Hartford, Conn.

(Founded 1863.)

TELL US

The month in which you were born and we will send you **free** of charge one of our lovely **Gold laid Pins** set with your Birth Stone; also our large illustrated booklet of Enameled Jewelry. **Empress Jewelry Co,**

Dept.— B, Providence, R. I.

Trial Box Free

which will give any lady a beautiful complexion. It is not a face powder, cream, cosmetic or bleach, but is absolutely pure and you can use it privately at home. It permanently removes moth patches, redness, crow's feet, pimples, blackheads, fleshworms, sallowness, freckles, tan, sunburn, and all complexion disfigurements. Address, Madame M. Ribault, 3044 Elsa Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

LET US SEND Our LEADER BICYCLE

High Grade, 1902 model, for your examination. **It is the wonder value of the new year,** the perfection point in bicycle construction. Up-to-date in design, size and trimmings. Weighs twenty-two pounds, and guaranteed to carry

A Rider Weighing 600 Pounds.

Send for this wheel, examine it critically; costs you nothing to examine it. If you like it, pay Express Agent **$9.95** and expressage. If you don't like it, return it. Write today for 1902, large free Catalogue of BICYCLES and SUNDRIES.

$9.95

Sutcliffe & Co., Louisville, Ky.

SONG WRITERS & MUSICIANS

A successful piece will bring you a fortune. We produce meritorious songs and instrumental music on most favorable terms. If you are not a musician we will compose music to your words.

GROOM MUSIC CO., CHICAGO.

Have You Read "The Whispered Words"?

By PEARL ULILLA DAVIS, the young Western authoress, poetess and song composer. A splendid novel of 238 pages. Charming, thrilling, soul-stirring! Just out. Selling rapidly. Price 30 cents, silver. **Stockton Agent, P. O. Box 174, Stockton, Cal.**

The Morning's Mourning

As George Ade says, in his new opera, "Ki-Ram:"

"It is no time for mirth and laughter
"The cold gray dawn of the morning after."

A fur overcoat on your tongue; "hair on your teeth," "dark brown," disagreeable taste in your mouth; nerves a-tremble; aching hair; a "bust-head of splitting agony;" appetite—none; movement of the bowels—not a sign; present (unwelcome visitor), Gen. R. E. Morse. Never do it again, eh? Oh yes, you will. Remember

"The Devil was sick, the Devil a monk would be,
"The Devil got well, the Devil a monk was he,"

and a Cascaret three times on the day of misery will make you well. But, for goodness sake, be wise, up to the century, and the next time you go out with the boys, eat too much, drink too much, irritate your stomach, block your bowels, don't forget that you can prevent the "morning's mourning" by taking a Cascaret Candy Cathartic before you go to bed. They work while you sleep and make you awake bright as a new dollar in the morning. Always carry a box in your pocket, and have another on your dresser and another on your night table. Also one

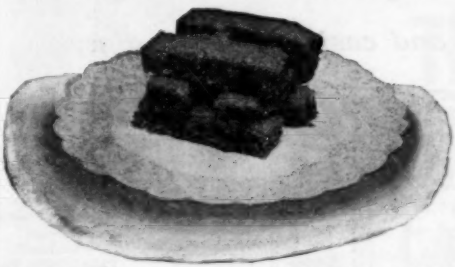
"In your grip—on a trip,"

lest you forget.

Best for the Bowels. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. Sample and booklet free. Address

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York. 543

Cake without Flour.



This sounds and looks a little queer, but the cake made without flour is one of the most economical and delicious cakes ever baked. It is simple and easy too. Some of the most expert judges and highest authorities on cooking in America selected this "cake without flour" as the best among hundreds of cake recipes submitted in the first prize contest of Cream of Chocolate. There were several other surprising results of this contest, one being a delicious candy without molasses or sugar. The Prize Recipe Book which we send free to any address tells all about it. Cream of Chocolate is so useful in sickness that no nurse or physician should fail to inform themselves of its merits. It is dainty, wholesome, nourishing and delicious. By the way, Cream of Chocolate is more than a beverage—it is a perfect food, 96 per cent. nutritive matter. Then, too, it is economical and very easy to use. If you send us your name and address, we will mail you the Prize Recipe Book containing over a hundred recipes for dainty and delicious desserts.

L. A. ROBERTS & CO., 72 MAIN STREET, DANVERS, MASS.

CLASS PINS this style, with any 4 letters or figures and one or two colors of enamel, sterling silver, 25c. each; $2.50 a doz. Silver plated, 10c. each; $1.00 a doz. Special designs in pins or badges made for any class or society at reasonable prices; send design for estimates. Catalogue free. **Bastian Bros., 51 Rochester, N.Y.**

BOUQUET OF VIOLET Delicately scented imported toilet soap. Box 3 cakes, delivered free for 50 cents.
DUBOIS FILS, 20 Broad Street, New York City

Profits Large profits and permanent income by selling our Identification outfits, Key Tag and Pocket Book with Special $1000.00 Accident and Health Insurance Policy.
Commercial Registry Co., St. Louis, Mo.

$144.00 PROFIT PER YEAR
FROM $12.00 INVESTED.
$720 from $60 and Greater Profit
from a larger investment. That's what our machines are earning for thousands of others and **THEY'LL DO IT FOR YOU.** Men, women and children patronize the machine and get delicious, roasted, buttered and salted peanuts. Everybody likes them. Nearly all profit. Greatest money maker known. Many machines earn $4.00 to $6.00 per week. Not an experiment. Has been positively proven. Hence no risk. No chance for loss. Great opportunity for salaried people to start business for themselves. Requires no attention except a few minutes evenings. Good for city or country. Big thing for capitalists. Write us and we'll tell you how it's done.

Enterprise Vending Machine Co.
Dept. C 90 53 Franklin St. CHICAGO. 7-9 Warren St. New York.

MORROW COASTER BRAKE **A TRIAL FREE.** $4.50

The most useful and labor-saving device ever applied to a Bicycle.
We will attach it to any Bicycle for $4.50. Write for free trial offer and complete 1902 catalogue of Bicycles and Sundries.
SUTCLIFFE & CO., Louisville, Ky.

ARE YOU SHORT?
Gilbert's Heel Cushions
"Worn inside the shoe."
Increase Height, Arch the Instep, Make Better Fitting Shoes, Remove Jar in Walking. Indorsed by physicians. Simply placed in the heel, felt down. Don't require larger shoes. 1-2 in., 25c.; 3-4 in., 35c.; 1 in., 50c. per pair. At shoe and department stores.
READ. Send name, size shoe, height desired, and 2c. stamp for pair on 10 days' trial.
GILBERT MFG. CO., 50 Elm St., Rochester, N. Y.

Safety Clothes Driers

Competent Agents Wanted

AT FACTORY PRICES. This cut shows our SAFETY YARD DRIER which presents a NEAT appearance, is DURABLE, easily operated and CHEAP, can be taken apart when not in use, leaving lawn free from any obstruction. Its capacity is 150 feet of line, post of LIGHT steel tubing, painted or galvanized. We also manufacture WINDOW and BALCONY DRIERS. Write for booklet and terms.
SAFETY DRIER CO., Station O, CHICAGO, ILL.

Cook's Flaked Rice

The most nourishing and easiest food to digest

A Mother's Experience

MR. COOK:

On account of sickness I was obliged to stop nursing my six-months-old baby, which was done in great fear, because the infant was very delicate.

After using various advertised foods for a certain time with no results, I thought of your Cook's Flaked Rice.

I must acknowledge it is a perfect substitute for mother's breast. My child is now one year old and is in the best of health.

Assuring you that I have since recommended your Cook's Flaked Rice to many of my friends, who met with the same success, I remain,

Yours thankfully,
Mrs. Emelia Matzner,
2816 Leithgow Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Physicians Say : : : :

Cook's Flaked Rice is an excellent food and deserves to be highly recommended.

Carl Weiland, M. D.,
Former Chief of Clinic at Jefferson Medical College Hospital,
315 North Sixth Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Cook's Flaked Rice is certainly the cleanest and purest food product I ever saw. I can heartily recommend it as highly nutritious and easily digested. For children during the summer months there is no better food.

Chas. A. Hinks, M. D.,
Of the Board of Health,
Fall River, Mass.

To prepare for breakfast without cooking see illustrations

BABY'S BEST FOOD TOO . . .

Infants: One cup COOK'S FLAKED RICE, one quart water, boil ten minutes, add a pint of milk, pinch of salt, and a very little sugar, and strain.

Three-months-old child: Use double the quantity of COOK'S FLAKED RICE (two cups) and do not strain.

For Sale At . . . Your . . Grocers'

Do you take The Delineator?

"You knew The Delineator as it was; introduce yourself again and know it as it is."

Do you get it regularly? It is to those who do not get The Delineator monthly that this appeal is made.

THE DELINEATOR has been so greatly improved that during the past year over 140,000 more women have subscribed for it. It must, indeed, be a popular magazine when it goes, as it does, into 650,000 homes each month.

Perhaps you may not be one of this immense number which makes it possible for us to give such a handsome magazine, containing so much, for so little money.

THE DELINEATOR is FIFTEEN CENTS per single copy, but 12 numbers, or an entire year, costs only ONE DOLLAR.

What You Get for $1

The twelve numbers of The Delineator contain:

1,2 plates of Styles for Ladies in black and white,
24 colored lithograph plates of Styles for Ladies,
1600 additional cuts of Styles for Ladies,
12 colored plates of Styles for Misses and Girls.
24 plates of Styles for Misses and Girls in black and white,
780 additional cuts of Styles for Misses and Girls,
276 illustrations of Styles for Little Folks,
120 illustrations of Styles for Boys,
24 pages of "The Dressmaker" containing illustrations,
48 pages of "Dress Fabrics and Trimmings" (illustrated),
24 pages of "The Fashions of London" and "Dress and Gossip in Paris,"
50 pages of "Lace-Making," "Tatting," "Knitting," etc. (illus.)
50 plates of "Modish Millinery" in black and colors,
500 pages of literary articles, stories, poems, etc., by noted and interesting authors and finely illustrated,
24 colored plates of "Fancy Stitches and Embroideries,"
12 pages of "Social Observances,"
60 pages of "Stories and Pastimes for Children" (illustrated),
24 pages of "Illustrated Cookery,"
30 pages of "The Newest Books,"
30 pages of "Practical Aids in House Furnishing" (illustrated),
40 pages of interesting matter pertaining to Housekeeping and the Kitchen,
20 pages of "Club Women and Club Life," with photographs,
20 pages of "College News," with photographs,
12 pages of "Girls' Interests and Occupations,"

making a total of over **FIFTEEN HUNDRED LARGE SIZE PAGES** of this most necessary and interesting magazine for women.

If you are a subscriber to The Delineator, you can understand how much any relative or friend would appreciate a year's subscription. To make it easy for you, we attach a coupon.

$1.00 This illustration shows the twelve numbers of The Delineator, which can be bound at little cost by the subscriber, making two volumes as thick as Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

(Fill out blank below—tear off at dotted line, and send with $1.00 to-day.)

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Herewith please find $1.00 for a year's subscription to THE DELINEATOR, beginning with the month of _____

NAME _____

Local Address _____

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The Whispers of Fancy

Never breathed a more marvelous story than that told in the fascinating free book—**"The Philosophy of Personal Influence."** It reveals the secrets of success and explains that intangible, subtle something called **"Personal Magnetism"** that holds the world in bondage and makes one person obedient to the slightest wish of another.

Have you failed to succeed?

Read this book and learn the reason why. Have you hoped and wished and worked in vain while others, seemingly without an effort, have forged ahead in the race of life? Your failure is not blind chance; their success is not an accident. There is a cause—a reason—for every effect. This remarkable book contains the key. It draws the line between success and failure so bold that you cannot help but see it. Read it and learn the secret of Napoleon's success, of Rockefeller's vast accumulation of wealth. You can master this marvelous power at your own home in a few days, and wield an influence that will make you master of your destiny. **The book is absolutely free.** A postal card will bring it while the present edition lasts. Write to-day. Address,

New York Institute of Science, Department K 6, Rochester, N. Y.

CANCER CURED
WITH SOOTHING, BALMY OILS.

Cancer, Tumor, Catarrh, Piles, Fistula, Ulcers and all Skin and Female Diseases. Write for Illustrated Book. Sent free. **DR. W. O. BYE, Kansas City, Mo.**

EyesightSaved!

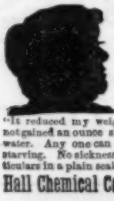
Send for FREE Booklet on Eye Diseases, their Prevention and Cure with Testimonials.

Dr. Williams,

541 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

DEAFNESS CURED

Deafness is incurable till the cause is removed. Therefore Ear Drums and other artificial aids never cure. 95 per cent. of all cases of Deafness is caused from Catarrh, and as Catarrh cannot exist under the use of **"Actina,"** nobody need be Deaf where the Actina Pocket Battery is obtainable. Are you seeking a cure? Then investigate **"Actina."** Write today for *a valuable book*—Prof. Wilson's Dictionary of Disease, **Free. New York & London Electric Ass'n. 929 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo. Dept. 44.**



FAT

How to reduce it

Mr. Hugo Horn, 944 E. 66th St., New York City, writes: "It reduced my weight 40 lbs. three years ago, and I have not gained an ounce since." Purely vegetable, and harmless as water. Any one can make it at home at little expense. No starving. No sickness. We will mail a box of it and full particulars in a plain sealed package for 4 cents for postage, etc.

Hall Chemical Co., Dept. K A. St. Louis, Mo.

Free Trial

DEATH TO HAIR—ROOT AND BRANCH

New Discovery by the MISSES BELL.

A Trial Treatment FREE to Any One Afflicted with Hair on Face, Neck or Arms.

We have at last made the discovery which has baffled chemists and all others for centuries—that of absolutely destroying superfluous hair, root and branch, entirely and permanently, whether it be a mustache or growth on the neck, cheeks or arms, and that, too, without impairing in any way the finest or most sensitive skin.

The Misses Bell have thoroughly tested its efficacy and are desirous that the full merits of their treatment, to which they have given the descriptive name of **"KILL-ALL-HAIR,"** shall be known to all afflicted. To this end a trial will be sent, free of charges, to any lady who will write for it, and say she saw the offer in this paper. Without a cent of cost you can see for yourselves what the discovery is; the evidence of your own senses will then convince you that the treatment, **"KILL-ALL-HAIR,"** will rid you of one of the greatest drawbacks to perfect loveliness, the growth of superfluous hair on the face or neck of women.

Please understand that a personal demonstration of our treatment costs you nothing. A trial will be sent you free, which you can use yourself and prove our claims by sending two two-cent stamps for mailing.

THE MISSES BELL

78 and 80 Fifth Avenue, New York

$5 FOR AN INCUBATOR. It holds 50 eggs and is equal to any incubator made for hatching. Costs less because it's smaller. **THE 50 EGG SANTLING SPECIAL** is guaranteed as to results, if you follow instructions. **20th Century Poultry Book** explains all. Sent for ten cents. Write for it at once.

Reliable Inc. & Brdr. Co. Box 8199, Quincy, Ill.

DON'T SET HENS the same old way when our new plan beats it 10 times.

100 Egg Hatcher Costs Only $2. Over 94,000 in use. 1000s testi'ls. 600 agents wanted for 1902, either sex. Pleasant work. Big profits. Catalog and 10c Egg Formula FREE if you write today

Natural Hen Incubator Co., B 162 Columbus, Neb.

MARTHA WASHINGTON COLLECTION

40 Kinds Flower Seeds only 10c

Hollyhock, Ten Weeks Stock, Calendula, Coreopsis, Canna, Ageratum, Snapdragon, Chinese Primrose, Sweet Alyssum, Fox-glove Gilia, Gaillardia, Eschscholtzia, Lupin, Four O'Clock Aster, Balsam, Pansy, Sweet Peas, Pinks, Salvia, Cosmos, Phlox, Candytuft, Zinnia, Larkspur Nasturtium, Sunflower, Poppy, Dewey Victory, Forget-me-not, Verbena, Petunia, Heliotrope, Portulaca, Cypress Vine, Sweet Mignonette, Marigold, Morning Glory, Coxcomb. By sending us Five 2c. stamps or 10c. in silver to pay postage, etc., we will send you the above collection of seeds and a premium of choice collection of bulbs **Free.**

MYSTIC VALLEY SEED CO, Medford, Mass.

50 BULBS 25 Cents.

Will grow in the house or out of doors Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus, Fuchsias, Oxalis, Jonquils, Daffodils, Dewey Lily, Tuberoses, Gladiolus, Chinese Lily, Begonia, Gloxinia, Lilies of the Valley —all postpaid, 25c. in stamps or coin. A premium with these Bulbs we will send **FREE** a giant collection of flower seeds—over 200 varieties.

Address **Hillside Nursery, Somerville, Mass.**

Our 1902 Catalogue

of Jewelry Novelties, showing several hundred new designs in solid gold, gold filled and sterling silver, sent free to any address upon request.

Capitol Jewelry Co.

Dept.-Z, Olneyville Station, R. I.

GRAY HAIR RESTORED

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Female Weakness,
Inflammations,
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Nervousness,
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It brings health, comfort, attractiveness. Wholly external. Worn with or without corsets. Simple, comfortable, adjustable to fit any figure. Invaluable to the prospective mother. We receive from 10,000 to 20,000 letters every year like the following:

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Because it tells how to avoid poverty.

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We all love humanity in the broadest sense, and our love makes us workers on the universal plane.

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We try to impress the minds of our readers with the truth that they can all have peace and happiness here and now.

We know that the Great Father is all Love, all gentleness, all kindness and all tender mercy, ever ready to take us gently by the hand and lead us in the path of Light and Truth, if we but open our minds and hearts to Him.

We know that the blessed angels are ever near, trying to reach out to us and help us, and this is what we persistently and patiently tell all of our readers.

We further know that these very angels are constantly helping us with their messages in making this Magazine a beacon light to the sad and sorrowful; its every page vibrates with the truth of this statement.

No one can read this Magazine of Mysteries without feeling the high vibrations of our souls and also the vibrations of those souls who have passed on to the Brighter Spheres who still, through their tremendous love for humanity, choose to work through us as mediums.

We thrill our readers with vibrations of joy and happiness, and each issue inspires thousands of readers to live nobler and grander lives.

Most of our readers are delighted to spread broadcast this higher thought, and to that end send us many subscribers, so that with the February issue, to fill all the demands of newsdealers and subscribers, there were printed 50,000 copies.

Think of it! 50,000 copies at the end of ten months!

Was there ever such a success in the history of a magazine published along these lines?

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This is the Age when souls are seeking as never before for the true Psychic Light.

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The brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God are to be realized under the new order of things.

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Get a copy of the March issue. Read it and you will be filled with enthusiasm and hope. **Send 10 cents for a copy, or 25 cents for three months' subscription, to the Magazine of Mysteries, 22 North William Street, New York,** by mail. It will be a treat to you.

Thoughtful people all over the world are interested in our Magazine. On the 20th of December yearly subscriptions were received from England (2), Germany (1), India (1), and New South Wales (3).

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Spinal Deformities

85 per cent. cheaper than the old methods. 100 per cent better. Weighs ounces where others weigh pounds. For Men, Women and Children; none too young, none too old to be cured.

We offer the only Scientific Appliance ever invented for the relief and cure of this unsightly condition; cured Mr. P. B. Sheldon, the inventor, of curvature of the spine of 30 years' standing.

Throw away the cumbersome and expensive plaster-of paris and sole-leather jackets

Our Appliance is light in weight, durable and conforms to the body as not to evidence that a support is worn. It is constructed on strictly scientific anatomical principles, and is truly a godsend to all sufferers from spinal troubles, male or female. We also make Scientific Appliances for protruding abdomen, weak back, stooping shoulders. Send for free booklet and letters from physicians, physical instructors, and those who know from experience of our wonderful appliances. Satisfaction guaranteed. Price, **$4** to **$25**.

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I can reduce your weight 3 to 5 pounds a week without any radical change in what you eat; no nauseating drugs, no tight bandages, nor sickening cathartics. **I am a regular practising physician, making a specialty of the reduction of surplus flesh;** and after you have taken my treatment a few weeks you will say: "I never felt better in my life."

SAFE, PROMPT AND CERTAIN.

By my treatment your weight will be reduced without causing wrinkles or flabbiness of skin; heavy abdomen, double chin or other evidences of obesity will disappear; your form will acquire symmetry; complexion will be cleared; troubles of heart, kidneys, stomach or other organs will be remedied; and you will be delightfully astonished at the promptness and ease with which these results are accomplished under my system. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for my new book, on **"Obesity, Its Cause and Cure,"** which will be sent sealed in plain envelope. It will convince you. Mention this magazine when writing.

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AGENTS WANTED to sell **"Schley and Santiago,"** by Geo. E. Graham. Autograph introduction and personal account of the battle by **Rear Admiral Schley. True Story of Santiago** told exactly as it occurred for the **First Time** by the only eye-witnesses of the fight. No subject before the public interests everybody as this story of Admiral Schley. The American people demand full recognition of the **Hero of Santiago.** Book selling like wildfire. Price $1.50 to $2.75, according to binding. Liberal commissions. Outfit and books ready. Send seven 2 c. stamps for complete outfit. Act quick. Big money for you. **W. B. CONKEY CO., Sole Publishers, CHICAGO.**

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A new discovery, odorless and tasteless, which any lady can give in tea, coffee or food. It does its work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife, sister or daughter looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed even against his will and without his knowledge or co-operation. Send name and address to Dr. J. W. Haines, 2184 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, O., and he will mail enough of the remedy free to show how it is used in tea, coffee or food.

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If so, send us your name and address with 4 cents to cover postage, packing, etc., we will send you a package of our "Secret Cure" in a plain package with full directions free, how to give it secretly in tea, coffee, food, etc. It is odorless and tasteless and will cure this dreadful habit, quietly and permanently without the patients knowledge or consent. It is a positive and permanent "Secret Cure" for the Drink Habit, and will cost you nothing to try it. Good for both sexes.

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MORPHINE PAINLESS AND PERMANENT **A Trial Treatment Free. HOME CURE** Sent to anyone addicted to the use of Morphine, Opium or other drug habit. Contains Vital Principle heretofore unknown and lacking in all others. We restore the nervous and physical systems and thus remove the cause. Confidential correspondence invited from all.

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New Practical System for Developing and Perfecting the Memory Discovered by an Indiana Student-Business Man. Is Rapidly Becoming the Wonder of Twentieth Century Progress.

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PARTICULARS FREE TO ALL WHO WRITE.

D. F. URBAHNS.

For years the world has been waiting for some one to discover a system of memory training which might be of actual benefit. Not a theoretical method requiring months or years of hard study, but a simple, practical system which accomplishes the most in the least time. It has remained for Mr. D. F. Urbahns, a student-business man of Fort Wayne, Ind., to bring out such a system. It is so easy that even a child cannot fail to understand. It is so plain and attractive that one can hardly help becoming interested in it, and above all it is so intensely practical that it helps one over the rough rocks of life to success, where without its aid absolute failure would be the result. Let the reader recall his or her own experience; has there ever been a time in your life when you lost money by forgetting a set of figures or a business appointment? Did you ever lose a friend by forgetting a name or face which you most wished to remember? Did your friends ever do you an injury by forgetting you when you should have been remembered? Did you ever forget anything which, remembered, would have been valuable to you in any way? These are questions worthy of careful thought, and when one stops to consider that a system is now being used which will overcome all these serious obstacles to success what need is there to hesitate. Any bank, business house or minister of the Gospel in Fort Wayne will be glad to tell what they know of Mr. Urbahns. His integrity and honesty of purpose is unquestioned. He is prepared to furnish plenty of evidence as to the value of his method among those who have used it, and it does seem that anyone who feels the need of a better memory can not do a wiser thing than to investigate this new system thoroughly, coming as it does from a source entirely trustworthy. Simply send your name and address to Mr. D. F. Urbahns, 105 Bass Block, Fort Wayne, Indiana, and the full information and particulars will be forwarded to you free by return mail.

Readers are requested to write without delay.

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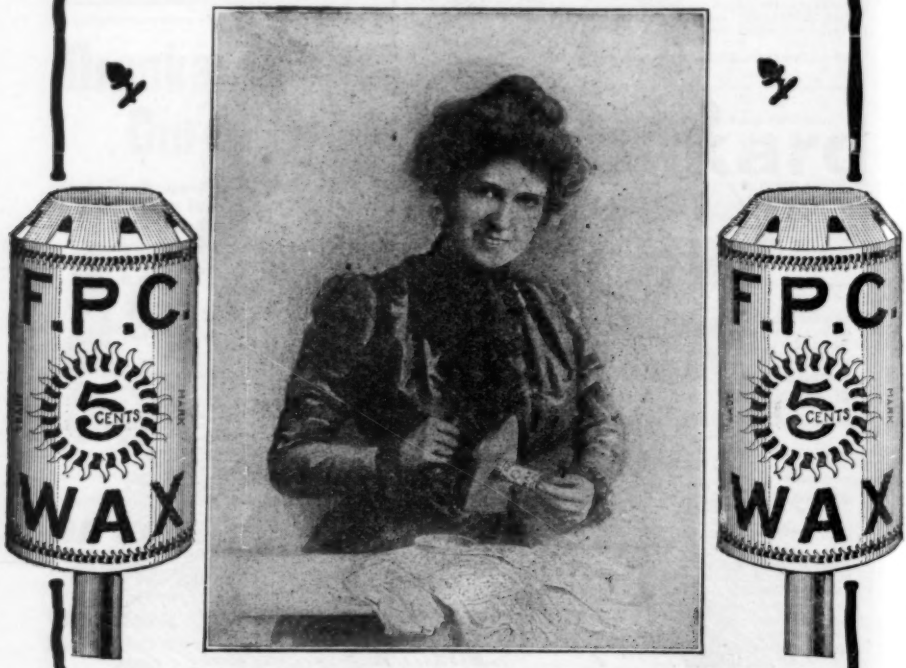

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FOR THE RIGHT MEN

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Before advertising this stock for public subscription we wish to appoint a man or a firm in all the principal cities and towns to represent us.

It should be understood that we are not seeking canvassers.

The work of the local managers will be confined — unless they wish to do some canvassing on their own account — to handling inquiries in their locality.

That is to say, all inquiries in answer to our newspaper and magazine advertising will be referred to our local managers in the towns and cities from which the letters are written.

The duties of our local managers will be to call or send a representative to call upon the writers of these letters of inquiry, and to lay before them the facts and information for which they have asked.

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We can guarantee to our local managers a handsome income and certain opportunities and interests which will double in value within a few months.

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$50.
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Round-trip tickets to Los Angeles and San Francisco from Chicago, $50.00; St. Louis, $47.50; Kansas City, $45.00; Denver, $40.00. On sale April 22 to 27, inclusive; return limit June 25. Open to everybody. Choice of routes returning. May is a delightful month in California—a season of blooming flowers, ripening fruits, singing birds, and soft, enchanting airs.

The journey thither, through New Mexico and Arizona, is a memorable one. En route see Grand Canyon of Arizona, world's greatest scenic wonder.

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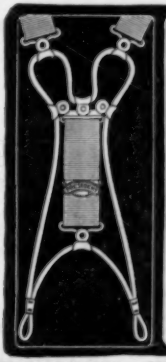

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High grade 1902 model, up-to-date in size, design and trimmings, weighs 22 pounds, will carry a rider weighing 600 lbs.

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

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Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

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makes new men and women of nervous wrecks. Positively cures insomnia or sleeplessness. It will correct all stomach trouble — liver disease — cures dyspepsia — improves the circulation — cures heart disease and constipation. All this it does without the aid of drugs. Any muscle can be developed to any size. The highest type of physical development and robust health can be enjoyed by those who take the Blomqvist treatment. Easily understood—no loss of time — grandest results attained by any system. The Swedish movement given by a thorough master of the art.

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are hard to get. We have never offered anything but Good Investments and we always aim to offer The Very Best. To do this we must select enterprises of established worth, permanent profitableness and honest management. An enterprise of this sort about to pay regular dividends forms the highest class of investments. We have one ***now*** so very good that we feel warranted in using this entire page for the purpose of bringing it to the attention of every reader of The Black Cat, many of whom are already our patrons.

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We shall be very pleased to answer fully all questions and consider it a pleasure to have the opportunity. References all over the United States. We handle no doubtful properties. We legitimately "Increase and Multiply" your savings.

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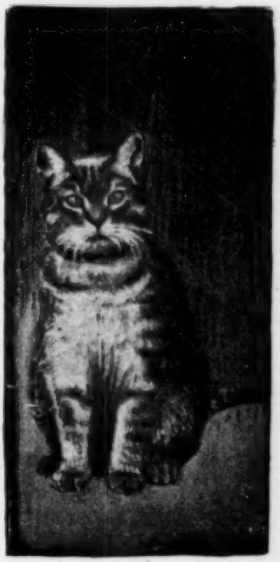

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